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B. his Feet Locks,

C. the Staples to which his Shackle are fastned.

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AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND Surprising Adventures OF *John Sheppard:*

Who was Executed at TYBURN, *November* the 16th, 1724.

By way of FAMILIAR LETTERS from a Gentleman in Town, to his Friend and Correspondent in the Country.

I've done such Deeds, will make my Story hereafter
Quoted in Competition with all Ill Ones
The History of my Wickedness shall run
Down through the low Traditions of the Vulgar
And Boys be taught to tell the Tale of — Sheppard
Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

The Second Edition.
Adorn'd with Variety of Copper Cuts.

LONDON, Printed for *Joseph Marshall*, at the *Bible* in *Newgate-Street*. 1724.

Price Bound 1 *s.*

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OF THE

LIFE.

AND

Surprising Adventures

OF

John Sheppard:

who was Executed at TYBURN,
November the 30th, 1724.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE DEDICATION.

TO the Vigilant, Truſty, and Indulgent Guardians *of* John Sheppard, *during his late Confinement in* Newgate-Caſtle, *and the* Condemn'd-Hold.

GENTLEMEN,

INgratum ſi dixeris, omnia dixeris; that is, *Ingratitude is worſe than the Sin of Witch-*

craft. And Nature herſelf dictates to us, that one good Turn deſerves another. As therefore the Heroic Exploits of your late *Guardee*, and the *Hero* of the following Hiſtory, have been of ſingular Service to ſeveral Honeſt Tradeſmen, and Lyrick as well as Proſe Pamphletteers, particularly to the celebrated Author of *Ap*-----*by*'s Journal, and your Humble Servant, who freely owns, he has *crackt* ſeveral Bottles of good Old Port, and partook of many a Titt-Bitt *Freecoſt*, on his Account: I reſolv'd to exert my Pen in his Behalf, and oblige the World

World with the following *Authentic Memoirs*, that they might not be impos'd on by *Romantic Narrations* inſtead of *Fact*; and to reſcue my Benefactor out of the Hands of *Pyrates*.

And as no Man ever came under your Juriſdiction before, of half that Importance and Conſequence --- to your ſelves, as he was, nor that ever brought half that *Griſt to your Mill* as he did; upon mature Deliberation, I determin'd to lay theſe few Sheets in the moſt humble Manner at your Feet, as thinking they cou'dn't fly any where more ſafely for Shelter and Protection.

I own, indeed, I am in ſome meaſure to Blame, and perhaps, may be Cenſur'd as too preſumptuous, in prefixing your *Venerable Names* to a Work of this Nature, without free Licenſe and Conſent firſt had and obtain'd: But, as I am an *Anonymous Author*, and expect no *Dedication-Fee*, no Gratuity, the Cuſtomary Return for fulſome *Panegyrick*, I take it for granted you'll readily forgive me.

Beſides, I dare appeal to your own Conſciences, and the grateful Senſe you muſt needs retain of ſo bountiful, ſo daily a *Benefactor*, whe-

ther

ther you ought not to encourage every Attempt to Record his Fame after Death, whoſe Life was ſo near and dear to you, and to ſecure his *precious Memory* for ever, from being bury'd in Oblivion.

Methinks I hear you very honourably acknowledge the Truth and Juſtice of this Appeal; but then, to my no ſmall Mortification, methinks, a Whiſper ſounds in my Ears, *We are Pre-engag'd to a more Celebrated Hiſtorian*; and I have good Grounds to be Jealous of Mr. *Ab----by*'s Garretteer, as my more happy Rival.

But

But be it as it may; if ſo, I'll endeavour to bear my Miſfortune like a good Chriſtian, and not diſpute his *Prior-Title* to your Favour and Affection: But I hope you'll pardon my Freedom, if I do my ſelf ſo much Juſtice, as to aſſure my *Courteous Readers*, that *My Intelligence* is full as Genuine as *His*, though not uſher'd into the World with the Great Mr. *R---s's PROBATUM EST.* For I received all my *Inſtructions* from a Gentleman who was intimately acquainted with *Sheppard* in his Infancy, and has had an uninterrupted Correſpondence with him during the whole Time

Time of his Confinement, thro' your moſt gracious Permiſſion) *GRATIS*; an Indulgence, as I underſtand, granted but to *very few*; your *Worſhips* having made it a Law not to be broke through, but in Caſes of extraordinary Emergency, That your *Hay ſhou'd be made while the* Sun *ſhin'd.*

Thus much I thought proper to inform the Publick, in relation to *My Self*; I ſhall now proceed, whether you ſhall pleaſe to be my worthy *Patrons*, or not, to the Honourable *Thoughts* I had conceiv'd, and ſtill do conceive of your *extraordinary Merits.*

I am very well inform'd, *Gentlemen*, and I firmly believe it, that there has never appear'd that *Conduct* and *OEconomy* in *Newgate*, from its first Erection, as has been visible of late, under your *prudent Administration.*

NEWGATE has, for some considerable Time past, lost its former Character, of a *Den of Thieves*, and been crouded with *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* of the strictest Honour and Reputation. Your *Stone-Castle*, in which of old resided none but the Giant *Despair*, has, to your no small Advantage, as well as Credit, been the *Assembly-Room*

of

of Perſons of Figure and Diſtinction.

I hope I ſhall not Shock *your Modeſty*, if I mention, with the profoundeſt Admiration, your Courteous Behaviour and Indulgent Treatment of your *Guardee*, whilſt he was under your immediate Inſpection.

Never was *Malefactor* ſo ob'd before; never was any Inhabitant of your *Gloomy Regions*, ll now, ſo pamper'd, ſo indlg'd, and fed with ſuch oice and delicious Morſels.

May the Reformation thus gun in *your Houſe*, from EPPARD's firſt Arrival it, be vigorouſly purſu'd; and may

may none of its Apartments (a
for many Ages they juſtly hav
been) be deem'd any more
HELL upon EARTH. I am,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

G.

THE LIFE OF John Sheppard.

LETTER I.

SIR, *October* 17, 1724.

IN Answer to your's of ------ Instant, wherein you desire an Account of the Life of Mr. *John Sheppard*, who hath been so Notorious in the World; I shall give a Relation of what I can find Material

in his Life, and in as ſhort and plai
a Manner as I can.

He was born in *Stepney* Pariſh, an
was the Son of a Carpenter, who die
when he was a Child: He had on
Brother, and one Siſter when his Fathe
died. The Daughter died ſoon afte
the Father; and the Elder Brother *Tho
mas Sheppard* went into a Lady's Famil
as a Foot-boy, and afterwards was put b
the ſaid Lady an Apprentice to a Ca
penter, of whom more hereafter. Thi
Younger Brother *John* was admitted in
to the Workhouſe in *Biſhop-gate Stree
where* he continued 'till he was fit to
put out Apprentice, and there received th
Common Education. The Trade he choſe
was a Carpenter and Houſe-Joyner.

His Mother (altho' an Honeſt, Indu
ſtrious Woman) was not capable of ad
vancing any Money for him; and there
fore apply'd herſelf to Mr. *William Knee
bone* at the *Angel* over-againſt the New
Church in the *Strand*, Woollen-Draper
with whom ſhe then liv'd as a Ser
vant, Mr. *Kneebone* having conſiderable
Alterations to be made at his Country
Houſe

ouſe at *Hampſtead*, and being pleas'd ith the pretty modeſt Behaviour of e Boy, agreed with Mr. *Owen Wood*, ho then liv'd in *Drury-Lane*, that he ould take him Apprentice, without Moey; and on that Condition, ſhould Repair his Houſe, which Repair was very onſiderable. To which Mr. *Wood* agreed; nd this *John Sheppard* was bound Apprence to him on *April* 2*d*., 1717. He had a ild, Honeſt, Sober, Indulgent Maſter, nd for four Years of his Time was ery Orderly; he was very Ingenious at is Trade, and knew his Buſineſs very ell, and very early in his Time, in hich he far exceeded moſt of his ears.

As to his being drawn from one Degree of Wickedneſs to another, take it s he related it to One who viſited him n *Newgate*, and deſired to know by what Steps he advanced to that height of Thieving he arrived to, and for which he was Condemned, which was as follows: —— A Button-mould Maker, who liv'd next Door to his Maſter, leaving off his Trade, and taking a Publick Houſe in *Newtoners-Lane*, drew him, with ſome

other Apprentices, to his Houſe; whi
being frequented by Looſe and Id
Perſons, ſoon corrupted his Manners, a
from a Sober Orderly Boy, became Hea
ſtrong, Diſobedient, and Vicious; ſtayi
out of Nights, wronging his Maſter
his Time, and ſpending what Mon
he got with thoſe vile Wretches; an
at this Place it was, he became a
quainted with that vile Proſtitute *Eliz
beth Lyon*, commonly called *Edgwor
Beſs*, (being the Name of the To
ſhe was born in,) with whom ſ
contracted ſuch Familiarity as prov'd
Ruin; for being engaged with that v
Strumpet, ſhe ſoon perſwaded him
Steal what he could where he work
The firſt Fact he was detected in, an
which he would own, was ſtealing
Piece of Fuſtian from Mr. *Bains* a Piec
Broker in *White-Horſe-Yard*; about th
middle of *July*, 1723. where he wa
ſent to perform a Job. His Houſe
breaking he firſt began to practiſe o
his Maſter (Mr. *Wood*s) Houſe, where
altho' lock'd out at Night, he was fu
to be found in Bed the next Morning
by climbing up to a Window whic
was two pair of Stairs high, and
which

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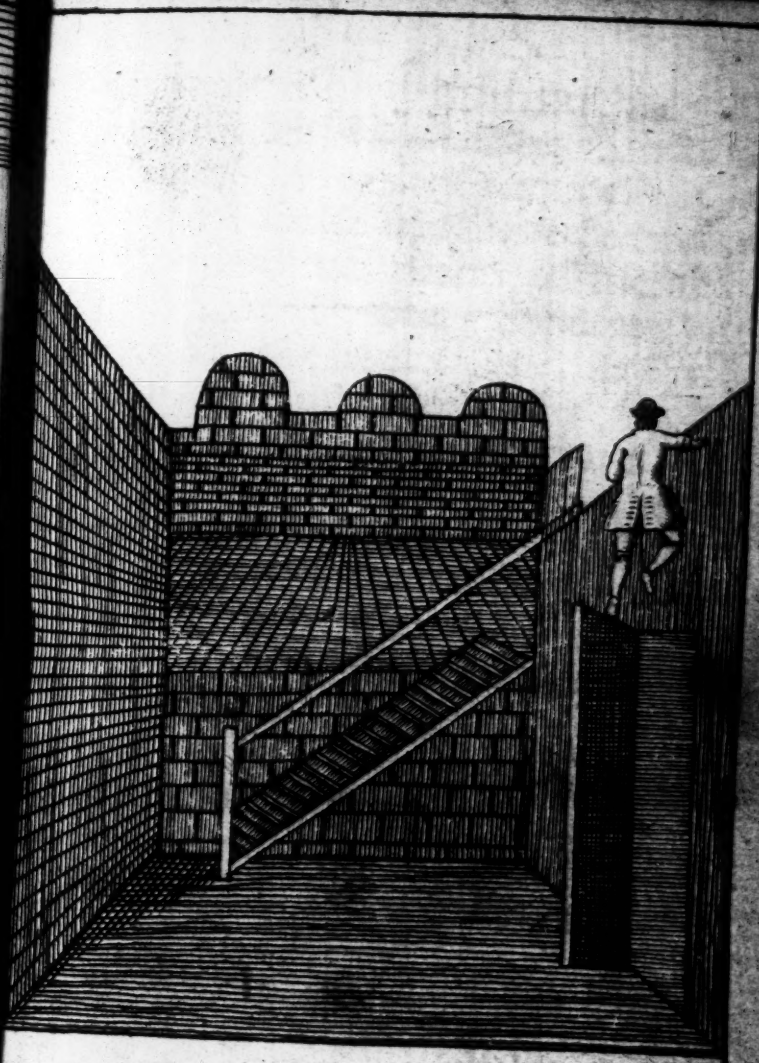
The higher Lead B. went over ye Wall C. & fixt his Blankets at D. with a spike he took out of ye Chappel, by wch. means he descended from ye Wall upon ye Turners Lead E. went into ye Door F. which was open & thro' his House & escap'd at ye street Door betwen 12 & 1 in ye Morning.

Printed for & Sold by Joseph Marshall at ye Bi



A a Door opening in^{to} y^{e} lower Leads w^{ch}
being only bolted on y^{e} inside he opend w^{ch}
case & then Clambred from ye Top of it to

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which he enter'd. His Maſter and Miſtreſs often caution'd him againſt keeping that leud Woman Company, but to no Purpoſe; for he wanting to be more at Liberty, ſtudied all manner of Means to accompliſh it, by being Impudent and Abuſive to his Maſter; and under a Pretence of his Maſter's Way of Jobbing from Houſe to Houſe, was not ſufficient to furniſh him with a due Experience of his Buſineſs, he therefore would ſtep into the World for better Information.

While theſe Jarrings and Animoſities were at Home, *Edgworth Beſs* had ſtoln a Gold Ring from a Gentleman ſhe had pickt up, and by him committed to St. *Giles*'s *Round-Houſe*; *Sheppard*, as ſoon as he heard of it, went to make her a Viſit, and after having talk'd a ſhort Time with the Beadle and his Wife, abuſed them, and fell on them, and having got the Key from them, by that Means ſet his Miſtreſs at Liberty, notwithſtanding all the Oppoſition they were capable of making. His little Ways of Pilfering were not ſufficient to defray the Charges of their Extravagan-

cies, and therefore he resolv'd to try House-breaking.

The first Attempt of breaking open a House, with an Intent to Rob, was the House of Mr. *Bains*, before mentioned, which he enter'd, *August*, 1723. the Situation of which he well knew, having work'd in the House on several Jobs, which he effected, by taking the Wooden Bars, and getting in at the Kitchen Window, the Kitchen being under Ground, and went up Stairs to the Shop, from whence he took seven Pounds in Money, and Goods, to the Value of fourteen Pounds; he came out at the Street Door, which he lock'd after him, and fastened down the Bars again; which made Mr. *Bains* suspect a Lodger, he having no visible Breach made in his House; which Suspicion remain'd 'till *Sheppard* was taken for Robbing Mr. *Kneebone*'s House, where, in his Examination, among other Things, he confessed this of Mr. *Bains*.

The Day after this Robbery, he quitted his Master's Service, and became the ompanion of the most wicked Thieves

hieves, and House-breakers; such as
ese, *Joseph Blake*, alias *Blewskin*, ——
Doleing, *William Field*, *James Sykes* alias
Hell and Fury. The Effects of which,
ere as follow;

Sheppard having taken a Lodging at
he House of Mr. *Charles* in *May-Fair*
ear *Piccadilly*, took an Opportunity, on
he 23d of *October*, 1723. to Rob him
f seven Pounds ten Shillings in Money,
ve large Silver Spoons, six Forks *ditto*,
our Tea Spoons, six plain Gold Rings,
Cypher Ring, four Suits of Wearing
pparel, and Linnen to a considerable
alue.

On the 5th of *February* following,
e, together with his Brother *Thomas*
heppard, and *Edgworth Bess*, broke open
he House of Mrs. *Mary Cooke* Linnen-
Draper in *Clare-Street*, *Clare-Market*,
nd stole to the Value of abour sixty
Pounds.

On the 14th of the same Month,
he, together with his Brother, and *Edg-
worth Bess*, broke open the House of
Mr. *Philips* in *Drury-Lane*, and stole
from

from Mrs. *Kendrick*, who rents his Sho
ſome few Goods, but of inconſiderab
Value.

Soon after, *Thomas Sheppard* was Ta
ken, and Committed to *Newgate*; an
in Hopes of procuring Favour, Impeach
ed his Brother *John*, and *Edgworth Bes*
Whereupon ſtrict Search was made af
ter them, but to little Purpoſe, 'til
James Sykes, alias *Hell and Fury*, be
trayed his Friend *John* in the follow
ing Manner; *Sykes* accidentally meetin
him, invited him to one *Redgates* a Vi
ſtualler near the *Seven Dials*, to play
Game at Skettles; which was immedi
ately agreed to, and during their Di
verſion, *Sykes* privately ſent for a Con
ſtable, and Charg'd his Friend *Sheppar*
with the two Robberies before men
tioned: Whereupon he was carry'd be
fore Juſtice *Parry*, who ordered him to
St. *Giles*'s *Round-houſe*, 'till the next
Morning, in order to a further Exami
nation. And for the better Security of
his Perſon, he was lodg'd in a Room
two pair of Stairs from the Ground
from whence, notwithſtanding that Pre
caution, he ſoon gave them the Slip; for,

leſs than three Hours, by the help a Razor which he had in his Pocket, part of an old Chair which he nd in the Room, he made a Paſſage o' the Ceiling, Untiled the top of *Round-houſe*, and by the Aſſiſtance a Sheet and Blanket, deſcended into *Church-yard*, and by climbing over Wall compleated his Eſcape; after ich, he mixt himſelf with the Mob, the better to conceal himſelf, point- up to the Chimney, aſſerting he ſaw, *ppard* behind it: Which Notion the ble readily came into.

On the 19th of *May*, *Sheppard*, with *Benſon*, a Brother in Iniquity, paſ- through *Leiceſter-Fields* in the Dusk the Evening, taking the Opportunity a Quarrel that happen'd between a ntleman and a Woman of the Town, k'd the Gentleman's Pocket of his atch; which he immediately miſſing, de an Out-cry of *Stop Thief*, &c. Where- on *Sheppard* and *Benſon* endeavoured ſlip through the Croud: *Benſon* eſcap- ; but *Sheppard* taking to his Heels and ning the Out-cry, a Serjeant of the ards at *Leiceſter-Houſe*, ſeeing no Per-

ſon

son run before, suspected him, and se
him. Whereupon he was immedia
carry'd to St. *Ann's Round-House*, in S
and kept in safe Custody till the
Morning. About 9 of the Clock,
old Female Companion *Edgworth Bess*
him a Visit, upon which she was det
on Suspicion of Confederacy. Both w
carry'd before Justice *Walters*, when
Cook and Mr. *Philips* appeared ag
them, and charg'd them with the Fe
and Burglary before mentioned.

John Sheppard, in hopes of a
favourable Treatment, made large Prom
of discovering several of his Abet
Whereupon the Justice only commit
them to *New-Prison*, in Expectation of a
able Performance of his Promise; inte
ing, notwithstanding, in Case of a
appointment, to commit them to *N*
gate.

As *Edgworth Bess* was always loo
upon as the Wife of *John Sheppard*,
were both secur'd in one Apartment,
that which was reckon'd the strong
viz. Newgate Ward. But *Sheppard*
knowing he had promised more than
co

ld perform, and reaſonably ſuppoſing Juſtice would be incenſed at his Diſpointment, bent his Thoughts wholly making his Eſcape.

As he had the Privilege of having his ends to viſit him, he had ſeveral Imments privately conveyed to him, per for his Purpoſe, and making good af his Time, on the 25th of *May*, ich happen'd on *Whitſon-Monday*, y early in the Morning, he had made onſiderable Progreſs towards his Eſcape, ich he compleated, by taking firſt and Iron Bar out of the Window, and then Wooden one, though very ſubſtantial, boring it through in ſeveral Places. is was only his firſt Labour; he had n 25 Foot to deſcend; to accompliſh ich, he fixed a Blanket and Sheet to Bars of the Window, and conſulting Miſtreſs's Safety as well as his own, lers her to ſtrip, (the beſt Method he ld propoſe to accompliſh their Deſign;) ich Madam readily conſented to, and purſuance to his Directions, was ſoon ded. *Sheppard* ſoon follow'd.

But notwithstanding their Success th
far, they had many Difficulties still
encounter with, for they are now got o
from one Prison to another. This puts *Sh*
pard upon Second-Thoughts, and form
a new Contrivance to Escape from the
This he effected, by fixing Gimblets
the Wall, at proper Distances, whi
served as a Scaling-Ladder, by which
and his Mistress ascended, and there
accomplished their Escape.

Though this was a very bold and
markable Adventure, and what few V
lains but himself would ever have
tempted; yet they are but Trifles, to t
surprising Exploits, which will be t
Subject of my following Letter.

I am,

Your Friend

And Humble Servant.

G.

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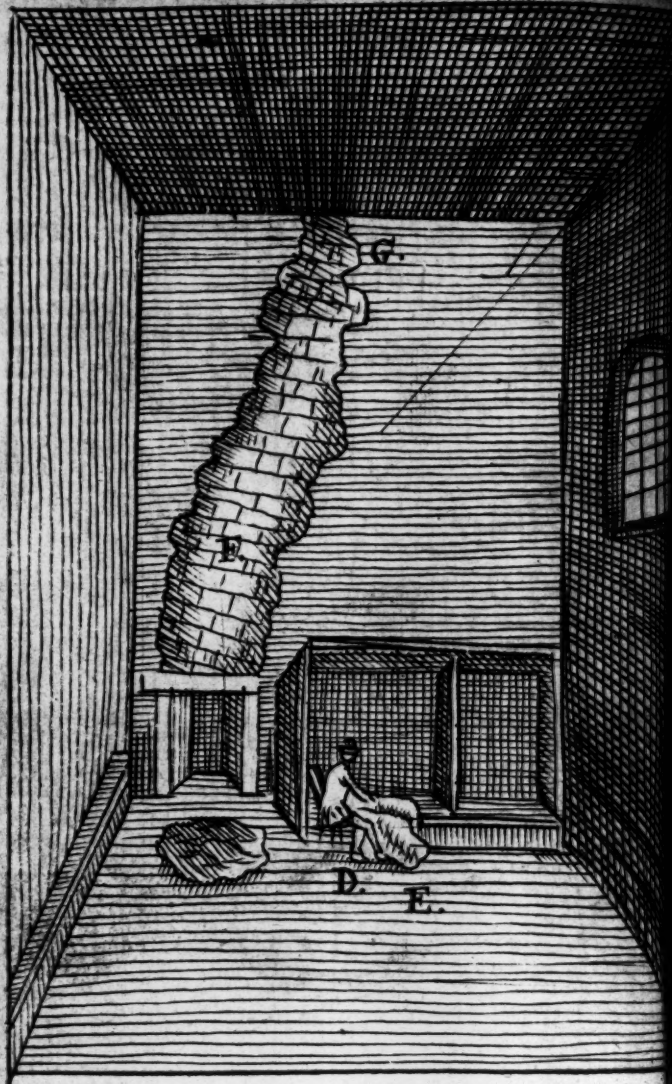
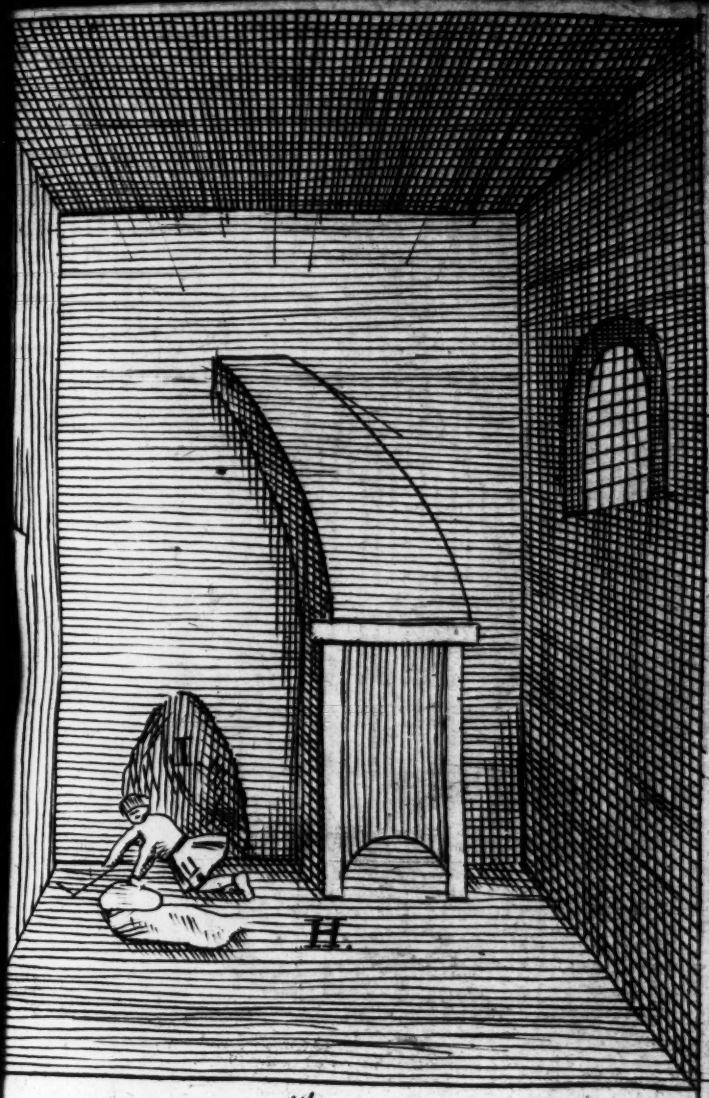


D. Sheppard sitting in ye Castle Shackl
Hand Cuff'd; when he free'd himself from
Staple at E. he 1st made a Hole in ye Chi
6 foot high & 3 foot wide, by wch means h
out an Iron Bar at G. which would other
have obstructed his Passage; but afterwar
Serv'd him in wrenching of Locks &c



ding himself even with ye Red Room H.
ich is directly over ye Castle, he made
Hole out of ye Chimney at I. 19 Inches
gh & 14 broad, & so enter'd ye Red Room
the Door of ye Red-Room.

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LETTER. II.

SIR, *Oct.* 24. 1724.

HAving cloſed my Laſt with the wonderful Eſcape of *Sheppard* from *New-Priſon*, I ſhall make the Tranſactions of thoſe few Days of his Releaſe, the Time of his being Retaken and committed to *Newgate*, the Subject of this. Notwithſtanding the apparent Danger of ever appearing in his own Neighbourhood, like one of an undaunted Reſolution, the firſt Night he ventures to pay a Viſit to his old Aſſociates *Anthony Lamb*, and *Charles Grace*; who, laying their Politick Heads together, ſoon form'd a proper Scheme to Rob Mr. *Barton*, a Maſter Taylor, (who lodg'd with Mr. *Carter*, Uncle, as well as Maſter, of *Anthony Lamb*;) which Project they compleated in the following Manner.

On the 16th of *June* laſt, *Anthony Lamb*, early in the Morning, convey'd

Sheppard and *Grace* into the Houſe, we
provided with Piſtols, *&c.* for the i
tended Enterpriſe. *Sheppard* dire
marches to Mr. *Barton*'s Chamber-Doo
and with his uſual Dexterity breaks
open. *Grace* was planted at the Bed-fid
with poſitive Orders to Fire, in caſe
any Noiſe or Reſiſtance, during ſuch ti
as *Sheppard* ſhould be employ'd in Ra
ſacking the Trunks, Boxes, *&c.* for *Taylor*
Cabbage, which, to his agreeable Surpri
conſiſted of Caſh, Bonds, Notes, a
other eaſy Moveables, as amounted to t
Value of Three hundred Pounds. Amo
the reſt of the Cargo, there happe
to be a Padaſway Suit of Cloathes, t
proper Goods and Chattels of a lu
Gentleman, which *Sheppard* ſet apart f
his own Wear, after a little Alteration.

After *Sheppard* and *Grace* had got th
Booty ſafe off the Premiſſes, *Lamb* lea
the Door open, and ſteals up quietly
Bed, as ſeemingly Innocent as his Na
ſake.

One of the Neighbours happening
Riſe ſomewhat earlier than ordinary, a
finding the Door wide open, and no Bo
ſtiri

tiring, alarms the Houſe. Mr. *Barton* oon found, to his Coſt, that Thieves ad ſtripp'd him; whereupon he, with is *Poſſe*, mounted up Stairs to *Lamb's* partment, whom they found faſt aſleep, r at leaſt in a pretended Dream; but ney ſoon awak'd him, and ſeiz'd him, n Suſpicion, being conſcious of his eeping looſe and diſſolute Company, nd directly charged him with the Fact. *amb* had not Courage and Reſolution ough to deny the Charge, but cry'd *eccavi*, and declar'd his Accomplices, tho' ey were too Cunning to let him know here to find them. Upon this Confeſſion, *Lamb* was immediately committed *Newgate*, and was afterwards try'd at e *Old-Bailey*; but Mr. *Barton* taking ompaſſion on his Youth, and liſtning the earneſt Solicitations of his near elations, was ſo favourable in his Proecution, that he ſpared his Life, and ſate wn contented with his bare Tranſportion.

On the 19th of *June*, Mr. *Kneebone* ceived private Intelligence from *Lamb's* ther, of a Deſign upon his Houſe at Night. Whereupon, he order'd his

Servants to ſit up, and, no doubt, furniſhed them with proper Proviſion, to give his intended Viſiters a handſome Reception. But ſomething more than ordinary happen'd, that his Gueſt did not come, which was a ſore Diſappointment. However, though they were not punctual to their Time, the Viſit was paid on the 12th of *July* following, and *Sheppard*, *Joſeph Blake* alias *Blue-skin*, and *William Field* (as he himſelf afterwards confeſs'd) broke into the ſaid Mr. *Kneebone*'s Houſe, about 12 of the Clock at Night; having firſt ſaw'd two large Wooden Bars of the Cellar-Window, and ſo made an eaſy Paſſage into the lower Apartment.

Having got a ſafe Admittance there, they ſoon put back two Bolts, and drew the Staple which faſtned the Cellar-Door, through which they proceeded to the Shop, which being lin'd with Shutters, they broke the Haſp, and convey'd off the Premiſſes about 108 Yards of Cloth and other Effects, to the Value of about Fifty Pounds. Mr. *Kneebone*, as they did not come at the Time appointed, thought it

it very ill Manners that they came at all.

On the 19th of *July*, *Sheppard* and *Blake* play'd at Small-Game, ſtopt a Coach in *Hampſtead* Road, and took from a Lady's Woman Two Shillings and Six Pence, which was all the Profit of that Tranſaction, as ſhe was alone, and no better provided.

On the 20th, they Robb'd Mr. *Pargiter* of Three Shillings; for which Fact two Soldiers were Indicted; but as they were Innocent, were honourably Acquitted.

On the 21ſt, they ſtopt a Stage-Coach and took Two and twenty Shillings from one of the Paſſengers.

Mr. *Kneebone*, being very much out out of Humour, at the ill Treatment he had met with, pays *honeſt Jonathan Wild* a Viſit, and gives him proper Inſtructions, as well as a proper Fee, to find out his bold Viſiters. Accordingly *Jonathan* ſends out his Emiſſaries, and on the 22d of *July*, at Night, by

his Direction, *Edgworth Beſs* was ſeized in a Brandy Shop near *Temple-Bar*, who, in a Fright and Surpriſe, confeſt where her Accomplice *Sheppard* was. *Sheppard* accordingly was taken the next Morning at *Blue-skin*'s Mother's, (who keeps a Brandy Shop in *Roſemary-Lane*) by *Quilt Arnold*, a truſty Embaſſador of *Jonathan*'s. *Sheppard* did not, indeed, tamely Reſign, for he ſnapp'd a loaded Piſtol, and deſign'd the Preſent of the Plumb that was in it for *Arnold*, for his good Intentions. *Arnold* thank'd him, as much as if had accepted it, and ſecur'd him, without any further Riſque.

Sheppard was immediately carry'd to his old Apartment in *New-Priſon*, and carefully watch'd 'till next Morning, at which Time he was convey'd to Juſtice *Blackerby*'s, and by him committed to *Newgate*; where he frankly confeſs'd the ſeveral Robberies before mention'd.

On the 13th of *Auguſt* he took his Tryal at the *Seſſions-Houſe* in the *Old-Baily*; where he made but a very weak Defence, objecting only againſt the Evidence

dence of *Field*, as being an old Offender, a frequent Attendant at the Bar, a ſubtle Seducer of unwary Youths like himſelf, and an Encourager of all the fatal Practices that procure their Ruin.

This carry'd but little Weight with it; and as the Fact was plainly prov'd againſt him, the Jury, without any great Heſitation, found him Guilty, and the next Day, in Purſuance of their Verdict, he received Sentence of Death.

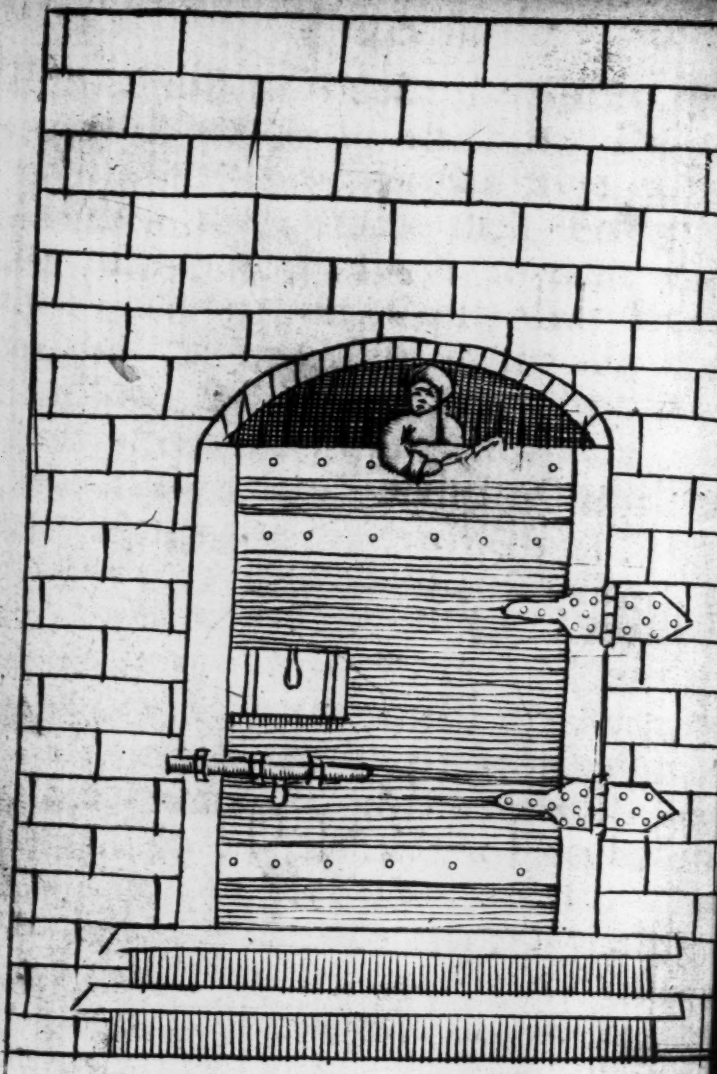
On *Sunday* the 15th, in private Converſation with a Friend, he poſitively declar'd, That *Field* was no Ways concern'd in the Tranſaction for which he was to Suffer; and that *Blue-skin* and he were the only Perſons engaged in it.

The Court being out of Town, the Warrant was not ſent down for the Execution of the Malefactors Condemned the Seſſions before; in which favourable Interval, *James Harman*, *Lumly Davis*, and *John Sheppard* call'd a *Cabinet Council*, form'd the Plan of their Eſcape,

Eſcape, and provided themſelves with proper Materials to effect it. But having Promiſes of Favour from Great Perſons, they dropt their Enterpriſe. But alas! they found to their Coſt, their building on Great Mens Promiſes, was raiſing Caſtles in the Air, their Fate was Seal'd, and that 'twas high Time to make ſome Preparation for their Paſſage into another World the next Morning.

On the very Day of their Execution, *Davis* gave *Sheppard* the Inſtruments by which he accompliſh'd his Releaſe; who living in the hourly Expectation of a Warrant for himſelf, thought it high Time to ſet his Hand to the Plough, and if poſſible, give his Keepers the ſlip. Taking therefore, the Advantage of the Hurry of the Priſon, in preparing the others for their *long Journey*, he began his Operations, and dextrouſly ſaw'd off part of the Iron Spike over the Hatch of the *Condemn'd-Hold*; on *Saturday* he made ſome further Progreſs; on *Sunday* (being a very Conſcientious Gentleman) he reſted from his Labours. On *Monday*

7 NOV 61
USEUM



Shepherd Saving ye Spike by wch means he maade his first Escape

day Morning, a Friend came to visit him, that knew nothing of the Scheme he had laid for his Deliverance, and like a good Christian, advis'd him to think of his latter End, for the Time of his Execution would be the next *Friday*. But *Sheppard*, who had other Thoughts in his Head, made Answer *Yes, so my great Lord and Master says, but, by G—d, I'll do my best Endeavours to make Him a false Prophet*, (or us'd Words to that effect;) and he was as good as his Word, for on that same Day, which was the Day the Dead Warrant came down for his Execution on the *Friday* following, he compleated his Work; and having broken off the Spike, by the Assistance of one *Stephen Fowls* a Prisoner on the Inside, and his old Confident *Edgworth Bess*, and another of the same Stamp, on the Outside, he was convey'd with his Heels foremost through the *Little Case*, which was but 8 Inches and an half one Way, and 9 the other; and so, like *Fortunatus* with his Invisible Cap, brush'd through the Croud, and compleated his Escape. As he's an Unlucky and Undaunted young Rogue, 'tis ten

ten to one but too ſoon you'll he
freſh Advices of him, which, ſooner
later, whenever they occur, they ſha
be faithfully tranſmitted to you, by

Your Friend,

And Humble Servant,

G.

LETTER III.

SIR, *Novem. 1ſt*, 1724.

MY laſt, as well as I remember, clo
ſed with the Account of *Sheppard*
artful Eſcape out of the *Condemn'd-Hold* o
Newgate; I ſhall therefore now entertai
you with his Conduct ſince the obtain
ing of his Fredom. His firſt Step wa
to Conceal himſelf, by taking a Hack
ney Coach at the corner of the *Old*
Baily, with a particular Friend, who wa
planted there, ready to receive him
from whence, the Coachman was di
rected to drive to *Black-Friars* Stairs
where

where *Edgworth Beſs* was appointed to meet him, and there they diſcharg'd the Coach; from thence they ſteer'd directly to *Weſtminſter Horſe-Ferry*, and landed ſafe without the leaſt Suſpicion, and Hous'd at the *White-Heart*; after a few hearty Healths and Congratulations for his happy Deliverance, they adjourn'd to a more ſecure Place in *Holbourn*, where, by the Aſſiſtance of ſome proper Implements, he diſcharg'd himſelf of that diſagreeable Clog, his Fetters; and afterwards, tho' he had got his Legs at Liberty, he, and his old Chum *Edgworth Beſs* thought it moſt adviſeable not to make uſe of them, but to take Coach to another Corner of the Town, and, fluſh'd with their good Succeſs, they reſolv'd to fix for that Night at a Houſe in *Spittle-Fields*, and pay their Devotions to the Shrine of *the young God of Love*, and drown in ſofteſt Pleaſures the remembrance of their Dangers paſt.

The next Day (being *Tueſday*) he ſent for a Companion, in whom he could confide, one *William Page*, a Butcher's Son in *Clare Market*, who, upon the firſt Intimation, came to ſee him. *Shep-*

pard,

pard, at that Time being ſpecial Poo
made bold with his Friend, and tol
him in plain *Engliſh*, the low Ebb o
his Pocket; which was as frankly an
generouſly ſupplied by *Page*, as far a
his Abilities would permit; and as
further Teſtimony of the Sincerity o
his Friendſhip and Concern for his Safety
proffer'd to accompany him to ſom
obſcure Country Town, where he migh
live free from the troubleſome Appre
henſions of a Surpriſal; alledging, tha
no Part of this populous City coul
be ſecure enough for him, who was ſ
well known, and ſo many *Blood-houn*
in queſt of him.

Sheppard, no doubt, was pleas'd wit
meeting with ſuch ſanguine Profeſſion
of Friendſhip, in a Time both of u
moſt Neceſſity and Danger, and liſtne
very attentively to any Propoſition *Pag*
ſhould make to him.

The Scheme, therefore, that *Page* ha
laid, was readily complied with, whic
was, to ſet out forthwith for *Warnd*
in *Northamptonſhire*; where, he doubte
not, but a Relation of his would gi
the

them both a Civil Reception, 'till the Storm ſhould be blown over. The Project was ſoon put in Execution, and *Page* having provided *Sheppard* with a Butcher's Frock, they immediately began their Travels. I ſhall therefore leave them for a while to divert themſelves upon the Road as well they can, and make a ſhort Digreſſion, to introduce a Story relating to *Sheppard*'s old Friend *Anthony Lamb*, who lay (as I mention'd before) under the Sentence of Tranſportation.

Lamb taking Advantage of *Sheppard*'s Eſcape, and thinking to induce Mr. *Barton* to appear in his Behalf, and procure his Releaſe, framed the following menacing Letter, in the Name of his Correſpondent *Sheppard*; which the Reader may depend on to be an exact Tranſcript of the Original.

Lamb's Letter to Mr. *Barton*, in the fictitious Name of *John Sheppard*, is as follows:

Mr. Barton,

THIS *is to let you know, that with hard ſhift, I have got my* Liberty, *ever ſince laſt Night, the Goal not being faſt enough for me, nor the Irons which I had on my Legs not being big enough for me, more than the reſt of the Priſoners, I play'd at* Rob-Thief *with the Goal, which has not been for theſe many Years; for I have brought my ſelf amd my Irons out of the* Condemn'd-Hold. *I being to Die as next* Friday, *I thought it my beſt Way to make off before the Time come, which no Body can Blame me for it: Therefore I beg the Favour of you, to get my Partner off, that is,* Anthony Lamb, *for fear he ſhould play at* Rob-Thief *too as well as I; and ſhould he be taken Sorrow would come on it on both Sides and if he don't get out, I am obliged to revenge his Cauſe, as well as though he was in Preſence. Conſider, you have been the Author of it, or elſe he would have been diſcharged laſt Seſſions. Come, Conſider, he is but a young Man, and this is the firſt Fact, and he has been Puniſh'd, by being ſo long in Goal, and I beleive you will find the Benefit of it in your Mind, if you help him off from*

Tran

Tranſportation; *and in ſo doing you will oblige me,*

John Sheppard.

So no more at Preſent, but I beg you will ſend an Anſwer to A. L——b, *and then by ſome Means or other, I may hear how Stories go.*

Though the Name and Threats of *John Sheppard*, might prove a *Bugbear* to ſome People, Mr. *Barton* was not ſo eaſily to be impoſed on. For immediately, on the Receipt of this weak and ill-concerted Letter, (ſeeing clearly thro' the thin Diſguiſe of it) he went directly to *Newgate*, and applied himſelf to Mr. *Rouſe*, for the Satisfaction of knowing whether it was Genuine, or not. Mr. *Rouſe* immediately attended Mr. *Barton*, and before his Face ſtrictly examined *Lamb*, in relation to his wiſe Contrivance; who very ſtrenuouſly denied having any Hand in the Forgery laid to his Charge. But being Convicted, on full and unqueſtionable Proof, inſtead of ſucceeding in his Attempt, he only made a Rod for his own Br——ch, was the

Cauſe of being more ſtrictly watch'd and loaded with Fetters, (an Indulgence which before was deſpenſed with) and ſo continued to be 'till the Hour of his Tranſportation.

But to return to our *Hero* and *Page*, after their *Expedition* in the Country, and the few Days of their Retirement. A Rural Life, you may eaſily imagine, could not be over-agreeable to one of *Sheppard*'s *Mercurial* Diſpoſition; and as Life does not conſiſt in Breathing the Air, but Enjoyment, he began to be tir'd of his Inactivity, and long'd to bear a Part again in the Buſy World.

'Tis poſſible, indeed, a cold Reception might be one Motive, to rouſe up this Natural Inclination; for their Souls were alwas aſpiring, and ſcorn'd to lie long under any Obligations. But whether this may be meer Surmiſe, or real Fact, I cannot poſitively determine: But as all allow their Accommodation was but mean, ſuppoſing 'twas) hearty, that was ſufficient Inducement to them to ſeek out for other Paſture; for a

Where

Wh—re and a *Titt-Bitt* were their favourite Enjoyments.

Upon mature Deliberation, they resolv'd upon a Gold Chain, or a Wooden Leg, and at all Adventures to steer Homewards. *London* is their Scene of Action; and to live in any other Place, is living like Fishes out of Water.

On *Tuesday* therefore (being the 8th of *September*,) they arrived safe at their desired Port. In their Passage through *Islington*, they met with a Milk-Man's Son in *Drury-Lane*, with whom they had a short Conversation, which was clos'd with a strict Charge from *Sheppard*, Not to divulge, or mention their Return. Which, on the Word of a Friend, he promised to observe; and so they parted. But a Secret in some Peoples Breasts, is like a Purge in their Bellies, it soon wambles, and will come up. The Milk-Man could hold out no longer, than 'till he got Home, and the News, like Infection, soon spread over the *Hundreds of Drury*.

A Brandy-Shop in *Biſhopſgate-Street* was their firſt Landing-place; but a Perſon accidentally ſtepping in, who took the Freedom to whiſper *Sheppard* in the Ear, and gave too plain Demonſtrations of his being no Stranger, *Page* and he drank up the Liquor they had call'd for, and ſoon ſhifted to another Habitation.

Thus Refreſh'd, they determin'd on paying a Viſit to ſome of their old Pot-Companions in *Drury-Lane*, but not 'till the Duſk of the Evening, leſt ſome more diſagreeable Acquaintance ſhould put a ſtop to their Deſign.

As the Eyes of a Sharper is always about him, in their Way thro' *Fleet-Street*, they obſerved Mr. *Martin*'s a Watch-Maker's Shop to be open, and only a little Boy to watch it; they thought this a *Critical Minute* to *ſtrike.*

Page therefore goes boldly into the Shop, and demanded of the Lad, in a very civil Manner, whether one Mr. *Taylor* did not lodge there? or, if he knew

knew such a Person that dwelt in the Neighbourhood? Having an Answer in the Negative, he took an Hawk's-Eye Survey of the Situation of the Shop, and so departed.

He acquaints his Companion how the Land lay, and with the Weakness of the Fort they intended to lay Siege to. *Sheppard* immediately resolves upon the Attack, and by a Stratagem that then darted into his Head, doubted not but in a short time to be able to make a Breach.

He enters on the Engagement, and plants *Page* at a proper Distance. His first Piece of Artillery, is a Nail-piercer, which he fixes to the Post of the Door; the next, a piece of Packthread, which he fastens to the Knocker and the Nail-piercer, by which he blockaded his Enemy up, and render'd it impracticable for him to sally out of the Fort.

Having made this formal Preparation, he begins his Attack, demolishes at once a Pain of Glass, seizes three Watches, part

part of the Enemy's Ammunition, and retreats with the Booty towards *Drury-Lane*, without the Loſs either of a Leg or an Arm.

Fluſh'd with this Victory, they marched to the *Cock and Pye*, to waſh down the Fatigues of the Battle. They hadn't been there long, before a Barber, an old Acquaintance of theirs, gave them Intimation of the treacherous Diſcovery the Milk-Man had made of their Return, and repreſents to them the ill Conſeqnences that might poſſibly attend it.

Sheppard, nettled to be ſo treated by a Milk-Shop, reſolves immediately to Storm his Cellar, whereupon he takes the Door off the Hinges, and throws it down upon all his Crockery. The Milk-Man gap'd like one Thunder-ſtruck, and thought himſelf muther'd, ſeeing ſo much Milk about his Ears, which, in the Fright, he miſtook for Blood.

Sheppard immediately march'd off the Premiſſes, but firſt told him, this was his firſt Piece of Revenge; and perhaps, he might take the Pains, ſome o

the

er Time, to make him a further Re-
uital.

The ſame Night about ten a Clock,
ne *Ireton*, a Sheriff's Officer, accidental-
ſeeing *Sheppard* and *Page beating*
e *Hoof* in *Drury-Lane*, reſolved to
urſue them: which he did, and ſeiz'd
ge; but *Sheppard*, like an Eel, ſlipt
rough his Fingers. The other, he
ought a Fiſh not worth catching, ſo
ithdrew his Hook and threw him into
e Pond again.

This Surpriſe, and this happy Deli-
rance, put them upon a ſecond Rural
xpedition. But before they ſet out,
ey thought it adviſeable to Pawn one
their Watches, out of the three, for
Guinea and an half, to defray their Ex-
nces on the Road.

On *Thurſday*, the 10th of *September*,
rly in Morning, they left the Town,
d directed their Courſe to *Finchley*.

The Keepers having, by ſome Means,
ocur'd private Intelligence of their
arch, made proper proviſion for a Purſuit
of

of the Enemy: Some on Horeſeback, a
others in a Coach and Four, all we
arm'd, ſet out on this Expedition. O
ders were given to diſperſe themſelv
in Parties o'er the *Common*, and in c
they met with their Foes, to give no Qua
ter, if they met with the leaſt Reſiſtanc

They had not long been on the Surve
before two Perſons were diſcovered Tra
pouſing the *Common*, in Butchers Frocks

Sheppard caſt a *Hawk's Eye* at his n
Fellow-Travellers, and 'ſpying *Langl*
one of the Turnkeys, at a Diſtance,
quaints *Page*, in their Canting Dial
that he *ſaw a Stag*; upon which th
determined to alter their Steerage, a
take to a Foot-Path, in hopes to avo
the Enemies Horſe. But this Proj
prov'd abortive: For *Langley* ſoon o
took *Page*, who was not quite ſo Active a
Nimble as his Partner, and, Hero-like, d
mounts, Sword in Hand, and demands *P*
to Surrender.

As Reſiſtance would be to little
no Purpoſe, he ſubmits himſelf to t
Will of his Conqueror, and in a ve

ubmiſſive Manner, begs for Mercy; sks him if he would pleaſe to *Fisk* him; hich, according to the Canting Dictio- ary, is, to *Search* him from Top to oe. Which in Point of Prudence and ood Conduct, he thought proper to ondeſcend to. Upon ſtrict Examination, e found a *Dutchman's Snicker-Snee*, and File upon him, of which he diſarm'd im, and then obliged him to attend, ke a Priſoner of War, at his Horſe's eels, and aſſiſt him in the Purſuit of is Brother Refugee.

Sheppard had taken Sanctuary in an d Stable belonging to a neighbouring ountry Farmer: But the Chace prov'd too ot for him; the *Hounds* got upon the ght Scent, and beſet the Houſe.

The Farmer's Daughter, or one of his laids, found the *Hare* upon the Squat, iſcover'd him to *Auſtin*, another of the urnkeys, who immediately ſeiz'd him, nd ſo put an end to their Sport.

Sheppard was as Submiſſive and Calm s his Brother *Page* had been before, nd readily conſented to be *Fisk'd*, and

was

was *Fisk'd* out of the two remaini
Watches that he had before ſtoln from M
Martin, which he had conceal'd und
his Arm-pits, and a Broad Knife, fello
to that of *Page*'s.

The *Newgate-Birds* being now M
ſters of the Field, without Oppoſiti
or Bloodſhed, prepare for their retu
Home, but firſt diſpatch'd a prop
Courier to their Lord and Maſter, wi
the joyful News of their compleat Co
queſt.

As Soldiers are all Gentlemen, and
they never beat a Man, but they dri
to him, they convey'd their Captiv
to the firſt Hedge Ale-houſe that th
came to, and there they were all *H*
Fellows well met.

What the Sign might be, I am
a Loſs to inform you, but it ſeems the
happened to be this remarkable Inſcri
tion upon it, *We have brought our Ho
to a fair Market*; which might ve
well be conſtrued by the poor Priſone
as an ill *Omen*, and too truly Prophe
cal.

Aft

After a ſhort Refreſhment, they ſecured their *Chubs* in a Coach and Four, and about two in the Afternoon made their *Publick Entry* through the City.

Sheppard being a Youth of Activity, he attempted, ev'n at the very Door of *Newgate*, to ſpring out of his Keeper's Arms and give them a ſecond Chaſe, but was unſucceſsful in that Project.

He was immediately clapp'd into the *Condemn'd-Hold*, and faſtened to the Floor with double Fetters about his Feet. *Page* was convey'd to Sir *Francis Forbes*, who committed him to *Newgate*, for Aiding and Aſſiſting *Sheppard* in his laſt Eſcape.

As Mr. *P-t* is a Man of great Conduct and Forecaſt, he thought it was not adviſeable to link them together, leſt they ſhould ſet their Politick Noddles to work again, and find out new Meaſures for a new Treſpaſs.

I ſhall now, therefore, leave them in their ſeparate Apartments, to Condole

themſelves for being born under ſuch unlucky Planets, and ſit on the Stool of Repentance, for not playing their Cards to better Advantage.

If any Thing hereafter ſhould occu that's any ways Entertaining, before the are Truſs'd-up, you may depend on faithful and impartial Account of thei Tranſactions, from

SIR,

Your Friend

And Humble Servant.

G. E

LET

LETTER IV.

SIR, *Nov. 7th, 1724.*

ANY Spirit but *Sheppard*'s would have been depreſs'd, after ſuch a long Series of Misfortunes; but whilſt there's Life there's Hopes, and no Man knows his own Strength, 'till he tries it.

However, Policy goes beyond Strength itſelf, and therefore he ſets his Brains to work once more, and lays the Ground-plot of a Fourth Eſcape.

Some indulgent Friend privately conveys to him a ſmall Watch-maker's File, which, it ſeems, if us'd artfully, will do Wonders. For the better concealing of which, he puts on an Air of Religion, and a repentant Sorrow for his miſpent Life, has frequent Recourſe to his Bible, and before his Keepers, pretends to have his Thoughts employ'd in Divine Contemplation, that they might have no

Jealouſy or Suſpicion of his Meditations on a Future Elopement.

But this prov'd Hypocriſy to the Life; for the only Uſe in Reality, that he deſign'd to make of that Holy Book, was, a Repoſitory for that darling Implement, his File, where he thought 'twould be moſt ſafe; well knowing his Guardians, who had a ſtrict Eye over him, ſeldom diſturb'd their Brains about Matters of a Spiritual Concern.

However, this Project prov'd abortive; for ſome one more Quick-ſighted than the reſt, ſaw thro' his hypocritical Veil, and miſtruſted a *Snake in the Graſs*; and on *Saturday* the 12th of *September*, he was ſtript of his Bible, which being well ſhook, his File dropt out, and all was diſcover'd.

Not diſcourag'd at this ill Succeſs, the Undaunted and Indefatigable *Sheppard* ſtill entertains Hopes of working his Releaſe; and reſolves, like an *Egyptian* Bondſman, to *make Brick without Straw*.

To

To Recompenſe the Loſs of ſo uſeful an Inſtrument as his firſt File, he was ſupply'd, before the 16th of *September*, with a freſh Recruit of Tools, *viz.* two Files, a Chiſel, and a Hammer, which he conceal'd in the Ruſhes of an old Matted Chair; but how he came by them, remains a Secret as yet undiſcovered.

But as a Loſing Gameſter, the longer he plays, the deeper he involves himſelf; ſo *Jack*'s ill Fortune ſtill purſues him, and his Matted Chair, on the ſaid 16th of *September*, was plunder'd of all its choice Materials.

Upon this new Diſcovery, he was examin'd very ſtrictly, by what Means ſuch a ſtock of Tools was convey'd to him, but abſolutely refus'd to confeſs.

The Keepers, upon a very diligent Survey of the *Condemn'd-Hold*, ſuſpected a Communication between him and his Brother *Thomas*, through a Hole that led to the Room, above the Common Apartment for thoſe who are conſign'd over for Tranſportation.

This, indeed, was only Surmiſe; but, for the greater Security of his Perſon, they exalted him almoſt to the top of the Goal, and confin'd him in the *Stone-Caſtle*, which is far diſtant from any of his Fellow-Priſoners, and chain'd him down with two Iron Staples in the Floor.

Here he remain'd for about a Fortnight together; but as he had Viſiters enough of all Sorts and Sizes, the Room ſeem'd rather a Fair, than a Place of Confinement; and *Sheppard* kept up his uſual Gaiety of Temper, and took a great deal of Pride in returning ſeveral ſmart Repartees, to divert his Company.

One Night, the Keeper coming upon him unexpectedly, found him (to his no ſmall Surpriſe) taking a ſerious Walk, for Meditation's ſake, about the Room. However, like a Man of Courage and Reſolution, he came up to him, and ſternly ask'd, Why he was not upon Duty, and at his Poſt? *Sheppard*, in an eaſy careleſs Manner, made Anſwer, 'Twas Troubleſome to be always in one Poſture, and,

and, that he did it for the Eaſe of his Legs, and that he had made it his conſtant Practice every Night during his Confinement; but he hop'd there was no Harm in what he had done, ſince he never indulg'd himſelf that Way, with any Deſign or Proſpect of making his Eſcape.

The Keeper was a *Thomas-a-Didymus*, a little hard of Belief, and pry'd with all the Eyes he had, to diſcover if any Progreſs had been made towards ſuch an Attempt.

No viſible Marks at firſt appear'd; but upon ſtrict Examination, the Keeper took a curious Survey of *Sheppard*'s old Blue Frock, which lay careleſly in the Room, and perceiv'd it was very Black, and, as he thought, Sooty.

Upon this, one of the Under-Keepers was order'd to mount the Chimney, to ſee if the Iron Bars which lay croſs it, ſtood in *Statu quo*.

Report was ſoon brought down, that all was ſafe; however they charg'd him

him with an Attempt to escape that Way, tho' they suppos'd he found it impracticable. This, *Sheppard* likewise deny'd very strenuously; but to put it out of his Power for ever, for the future, to take such unlicens'd Airings, they Handcuff'd him, loaded him with new Fetlocks, and took all the Precaution necessary (as they thought) unless they had to deal with the Devil.

The Day following, the Reverend Mr. *Purney* Ordinary of *Newgate*, having been for some Time about Business in the Country, return'd to Town, and soon after paid *Sheppard* a Visit.

The Substance of the Conversation that pass'd between them, was, you may imagin, of a Spiritual Nature. The good Priest told him, he was sorry to see him so solicitous about the Things of this Life; that his precious Time was wholly taken up in Romantic Attempts to procure his Freedom, and that he employ'd no Thoughts on the dangerous State and Condition of his immortal Soul; begg'd him to consider that a few Moments Pleasure Here would

would never Balance the Torments of an Hereafter, *&c.*

In ſhort, the Doctor read him a Wall-Lecture, which went in at one Ear, and out at the other; however, *Sheppard* was very Complaiſant, ſeem'd to liſten very attentively to his pious Admonitions, promis'd Amendment, and thankt him very heartily for his ghoſtly Advice, and hop'd it would tend to his Soul's Improvement. And ſo the Conferrence ended.

On *Thurſday* the 15th of *October*, early in the Afternoon, one of the Keepers Aſſiſtants, (*Will. Auſtin,*) a Fellow of an extraordinary Character, conſidering his Poſt, went up to *Sheppard*, as uſual, with his Daily Proviſions, and took Capt. *Geary*, Mr. *Gough*, and two other Friends along with him, who had a great Inclination to pay their Reſpects to the Priſoner.

Auſtin, in the preſence of all the Gentlemen, ſtrictly examin'd *Sheppard's* Hand-cuffs, and his Feet-locks, and was very well ſatisfy'd, they could not be made more

more ſecure. Afterwards he gave *Sheppard* his Dinner; who entertain'd the Company, during their ſhort ſtay there with abundance of facetious Diſcourſe as well as good Manners.

Auſtin, or ſome other Aſſiſtant, deſir'd *Sheppard*, If what Proviſion already brought him, was not ſufficient, that he would ſpeak in Time; for after they left him, which would be very ſpeedily, they were ſo buſy, they ſhould ſee him no more 'till next Morning. *Sheppard* returned the Keepers many Thanks for their civil Treatment, and begg'd the Favour, they would be as early as their Buſineſs would permit.

Sheppard now began to think with himſelf, that his good Star began to twinckle, and that next Night would prove the Criſis of his Fortune.

As ſoon as he was left alone, his Head was as full of Projects as an *Alchymiſt*'s, that ſtudies the Philoſopher's Stone; and Now or Never, Neck or Nothing, is his final Reſolution.

When

When a Man works for Life, 'tis Natural to ſuppoſe, he'll put the beſt Leg foremoſt; ſo did *Sheppard*, and about 12 o' Clock he work'd out his Redemption with Dexterity of Hand, and Magnanimity of Heart.

The next Morning, Mr. *Auſtin*, according to his uſual Cuſtom, went up to the Caſtle to pay his humble Reſpects to his *Guardee*: But, at his firſt Entrance, he found the *Bird* flown, and the *Neſt* moſt ſadly out of Repair, near a Cart-Load of Brick, Stone, and other Rubbiſh of which it was compos'd, Perſpreading the Room.

The honeſt Man ſtar'd and gap'd like one that had ſeen a Ghoſt, ran down Stairs very haſtily, and when arriv'd at the *Lodge*, could not, for ſome time, expreſs the Occaſion of his ſudden Confuſion.

However, after a hearty Cogue or two of Right *Holland's Gin*, he came to himſelf, and declar'd the Flight of their young *Canary Bird*.

This

This News, no doubt, alarm'd th whole Houſe, and not an Augre-Ho was left unſearch'd to find out, if po ſible, the Place where he was perch'd ſince, they took it for granted, hi Wings being ſo cloſely clipt, he coul not fly far.

All the Keys of the ſuperior Apar ments were ſummon'd to be brough up. But they might have ſpar'd them ſelves that Trouble, for *Sheppard* had bee before-hand with them; however, h was ſo Honeſt, as to leave the Lock Bolts, and Bars behind him, and onl remov'd them a little from their prope Places.

Six ſtrong Doors (one of which ha never been moleſted for Seven Years to gether) were wrench'd, by which h forc'd his Paſſage into *Newgate Lead* from which, by the help of an ol Blanket, that before was employ'd i the Capacity of a Bed, which he faſt ned to the Wall with an Iron Spik he ſtole out of the Chapel, (for Sacri lege, nor any thing elſe, could be an

Obſtacl

Obſtacle to one of his Undaunted Reſolution) he deſcended to the Leads of one Mr. *Bird*, a Turner, whoſe Houſe is contiguous to *Newgate*, and the Door of the Leads being carelefly left open, 'tis preſum'd he march'd directly down to the Shop; which, to a Man of his Dexterity, was but a Trifle to encounter with. In ſhort, the Door flew open at his Command, but in his haſte, he forgot to ſhut it after him; which, we are informed, he has ſince acknowledg'd as an Act of ill Manners, and has begg'd Pardon for.

Many are the Conjectures concerning the Meaſures *Sheppard* took to effect this miraculous Eſcape, but at preſent 'tis a Secret; and as 'tis allow'd on all Hands, he had no Brother-Companion, no Aſſiſtant, (except the *Devil*,) it muſt for ever remain ſo; unleſs the young *Refugee* ſhould be out in his Politicks, and ſtay too long too near Home, and not Foreclose the Equity of Redemption, by a ſpeedy Tranſportation of himſelf out of theſe his Majeſty's Dominions.

As *Sheppard* muſt either be as ſtrong as *Goliah* or *Samſon* amongſt the Antients, or be a compleat Maſter of the more Modern *Fawkes*'s *Dexterity of Hand*, to accompliſh his Releaſe : I ſhall therefore cloſe this preſent Letter with a *Grub-ſtreet EPIGRAM* on this Occaſion, which is juſt come pyping Hot from the Preſs ; and as it has afforded the Author a comfortable Dinner, and the Town ſome ſmall Diverſion, I ſhall make bold to Tranſcribe it, and if you don't like it, e'en leave it.

An EPIGRAM on *JOHN SHEPPARD*'s laſt miraculous Eſcape.

SAmſon *of Old was a Strong Man, 'tis true,*
But Samſon *was a Boy, bold* JACK, *to you :*
When once Confin'd and Chain'd, he never fled,
But pull'd his Priſon-Walls upon his Head ;

With

With Malice in his Heart, his Strength he tries,
And, to deſtroy his Keepers, with them dies:
But you have ſhewn ſuperior Strength and Brains,
Tho' more Confin'd, and Bound in ſtronger Chains.
Now force your Priſon Walls, by Dint of Arm,
But then, take Care to do your ſelf no Harm;
From your Stone Caſtle *mount the lofty* * Church,
And leave your watchful Guardians *in the Lurch:*
From thence with Reſolution take your Flight,
And (like a Chriſtian) *bid your* Fellow-Rogues *Good-night.*

I am,

Your Friend,

And Humble Servant,

G. E.

---

* *Church* is here uſed, you muſt know, for the *Chapel*, by a Poetical Licenſe, to chime in with *Lurch*.

LETTER V.

SIR, *Novem.* 17th, 1724.

LIberty and Property are the two Darlings of an *Engliſh* Subject: But *Sheppard* always made a bad Uſe of both. What *Newgate-Bird* but himſelf, would have projected his Eſcape from ſo ſtrong a Cage, and ſo far gratify'd his unruly Deſires after other Mens Goods, as to have flown away with a Clog at his Tail? However, our *Don Quixot* did, and walk'd in his Trammels as far as *Tottenham-Court* undiſcovered, few Perſons travelling that Road at ſo unſeaſonable an Hour.

The Weight of his Chains, the Length of the Walk, and the Fatigue he underwent before he ſet out, muſt needs incline him to Sleep without Rocking. He ventures to indulge his wearied Faculties, and take a hearty Nap in a more enlarg'd Habitation; the Earth his Bed, and the Heavens his Coverlet.

About

About three o' Clock he was found in this drouſy Poſture and ſingular Dreſs, by a poor Country Man, who luckily prov'd to be no Conjurer, and a Fellow eaſily to be impos'd on; who asking who he was, and what he was, and how he came there with ſuch a heavy pair of Boots on, took *Sheppard*'s ready Anſwer for Matter of Fact, That he had unfortunately got a Maid with Child, and not being able to ſatisfy the Pariſh for its Nurſing, they had malicioufly thrown him into *New-Priſon*, and, contrary to all Juſtice and Equity, had loaded him with Double Fetters; that he had meditated his Eſcape from ſuch mercileſs Tyrants, and had, by G—d's Help, effected his Deliverance.

The poor Man (having more good Humour than Brains, and having follow'd formerly the Trade of *Basket-making* himſelf) took Compaſſion on his Misfortunes, chimb'd with him in his Sentiments concerning his Proſecutors, and inſtead of endeavouring to *Secure* him, advis'd him to go farther a Field, that he might be ſecure.

Sheppard thank'd him heartily for his kind Concern for him, and knowing the Milk-Folks would ſoon be about, thought he had preach'd very ſound Doctrine. So after a civil Salutation, the ſhorter the better, he takes his Leave, and makes the beſt of his Way to an old neighbouring Barn, where he conceal'd himſelf 'till he pull'd off his Boots, and double Japann'd an old pair of Shoes, which he had brought with him, for that Purpoſe, in his Pocket.

His Legs being now once more ſet at perfect Liberty, the next Thing he has to think on, is, how to make the moſt on't. He therefore puts on his Conſidering-Cap, examines into the Weakneſs of his Pocket; and forms imaginary Schemes of a freſh Supply. His firſt was, to take his Boots under his Arm, go to a proper *Tranſlator*, and as they were as ſtiff and heavy as old Iron, ſell them for a Penny a Pound. But *Second Thoughts* are beſt, and upon mature Deliberation, he declines that Project.

One

One might reaſonably have imagin'd his Head ſhould have been turn'd another Way; that his Thoughts ſhould have been wholly employ'd on a more diſtant Flight, and a more ſafe Retirement: But our Hero, like a perfect *Don Quixot*, runs at all, and reſolves to purſue his Romantic Adventures.

London ſtill he determines to be his Scene of Action; and on the 17th of *October*, a Gentleman in *Leiceſter-Fields* was the firſt that was *let into the Secret*, at the ſmall Expence (or rather Loſs) of his Silver-hilted Sword.

This mounted our Hero for the preſent, and a Fit of Filial Piety coming upon him, he bethought himſelf of his mournful Mother, who knew nothing of her Son's happy Deliverance, and was ſitting Diſconſolate at Home, all drown'd in Tears, with the dreadful Idea for ever before her Eyes, of her dear Son's Unfortunate, as well as Diſhonourable Journey up *Holbourn-Hill*.

He

He adjourns, therefore, to an Ale-Houſe, calls for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and like a Dutiful Child, addreſſes his Mother in the following Manner:

A Genuine Copy of JOHN SHEPPARD's Letter to his Mother.

Oct. 20th, 1724.

My Dear Loving Mother,

THIS, with my Duty to you, hoping theſe Lines will find you in good Health, as I am at this preſent Writing; and this is to let you know, that in my Attempt, (by the Aſſiſtance of God) the Fortune that I had in making my Eſcape from the Caſtle *of* Newgate, *ſave my Life, and I hope that (by the Grace of God) I ſhall keep my ſelf from any more of ſuch Heinous Crimes, and from the Hands of mine Enemies. And, dear Mother, caſt your ſelf not down, but be of good Heart, for I hope to be as much Comfort to you, as ever I was Diſhonour. I would fain let you know where I am, but dare not,*

for

for fear of Miſcarriage: So no more at preſent, but I Reſt,

Your Loving, Dutiful,

Misfortunate Son,

JOHN SHEPPARD.

Though this ſhew'd ſome Signs of Grace, yet 'twas all Cant and Hypocriſy. For the very next Day, or ſoon after, he enters on the following Adventure.

Having lain Rough a long while, and being a little in *Diſhabillee*, he longs for ſome new *Rigging*; and as *Monmouth-Street* is a Place of great Tempation in that reſpect, he cou'dn't withſtand the firſt Opportunity that offer'd.

About Seven a Clock in the Evening, he ſurveys a Shop attended only by a young Woman, that was very Induſtrious in her Vocation, and repairing the ſeveral Breaches that Time and long Wearing had made in ſome of her Second-Hand Commodities, *as ſafe* (as ſhe thought in her Caſtle) *as a Thief in a Mill*, the Hatch being ſhut, and faſt bolted.

But

But as *Sheppard* can handle his Heels better than moſt Modern *Dancing-Maſters*, the Hatch was no Obſtacle to his Intention. He cuts a clean Caper over it, knocks the Woman on the Head, and her Needle out of her Hand, extinguiſhes her Candle, rummages her Shelves whilſt ſhe lies ſtunn'd upon the Floor, claps five Suits of Silk Cloaths under his Arm, flies over the Hatch again, like an Arrow out of a Bow, and, without the leaſt Noiſe or Obſervation, gets into the Street, walks fairly off with his Tackle, and cuts as good a Figure as any Brother *Botcher* in the whole Neighbourhood.

Theſe Succeſsful Adventures elate with Joy the Heart of our Hero, and having now Money or Money's-worth at Command, he ſits him down in a merry Mood, and entertains himſelf and his Friends with the two following Ironical Letters, directed to his old Well-wiſhers, Mr. *Ap—by* and Mr. *A——n.*

Mr. Ap——by,

THIS, *with my kind Love to you, and pray give my kind Love to Mr.* Wagſtaff,

Wagſtaff, *hoping theſe Lines will find you in good Health, as I am at preſent; but I muſt own you are the Loſer, for want of my* Dying-Speech : *But to make up your Loſs, if you think this Sheet worth your while, pray make the beſt of it. Though they do ſay that I am taken among the* Smugglers, *and put into* Dover Caſtle, *yet I hope I am among* Smugglers *ſtill. So no more, but,*

Your humble Servant,

JOHN SHEPPARD.

And I deſire you would be the Poſt-man *to my laſt Lodging.*

So farewel, now I quit the Engliſh *Shore.*

NEWGATE *Farewel.*

Mr. Auſtin,

YOU *was pleaſed to paſs your Jokes upon me, and did ſay, you ſhould not be Angry with me, had I took my Leave*

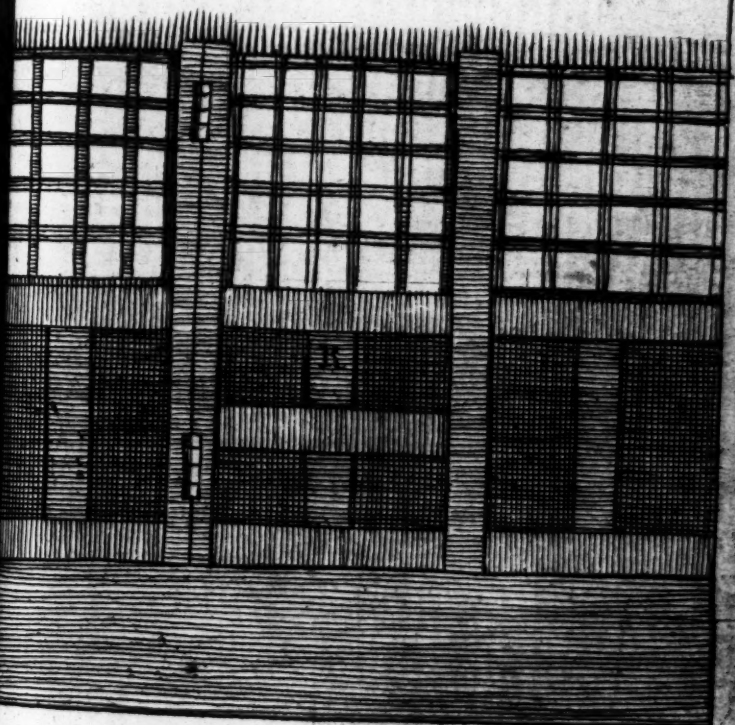
of

of you: But now, pray keep your Joke to your ſelf, let them Laugh that win. For now it is a equal Chance, you to take me, or I to get away; but I own my ſelf Guilty of that Ill-Manners; but excuſe me, for my Departure being privat and neceſſary, ſpoil'd the Ceremony of bi ding Adieu. *But I wiſh you all Well as I am at preſent: But pray be not An gry for the Loſs of your Irons; had yo not gave me them, I had not taking the away, but really I had left them behind me had Convenience a-ſerv'd. So pray don't b Angry.*

How *Auſtin* and *Perry*, you did ſay,
If are the *SHEPPARD* got away,
That in his room Hanged you'd be
Upon that Fatal *Tyburn* Tree.

But that raſh Way I pray forſake,
Though *SHEPPARD* is ſo Fortunate:
I would have you with Patience waite,
Tell that again you do him take.

For you are large and Heavy Men,
And two the Weight what was of him;
And if a way to that Tree you take,
Upon my Word, you'd make it Shake.



R. the Door going out of ye Chapple towards
ye Leads wch he burst open & having got in ye
entry between ye Chappel & ye Leads came
to the

BRITISH
7 NO61
MUSEUM

So farewel now, my Leave I take, and what's amiſs done, you write, for my Schoolarſhip is but ſmall.

This from your Fortunate Priſoner,

JOHN SHEPPARD.

On the 29th of *October*, he made a new Eſſay, and was as Succeſsful as before. The *Plot* was laid againſt Mr. *Rawlins*'s, a Pawn-broker's Shop, in *Drury-Lane*; and as he was always very Active and Expeditious, wasn't long before he enter'd the Premiſſes, and travers'd the Shop in queſt of proper Booty. In his *Travels*, he perceiv'd two Journeymen, as he ſuppos'd a Bed in a Room adjoyning to the Shop; and though the only Actor in this *Tragi-Comedy*, (like his Brother *Scapin*) he perſonates ſeveral Parts, and calls to his Comrades *Tom* and *Harry* to Shoot the two Dreamers through the Head, if they offer'd to ſtir out of their *Quarters*.

The Fellows hearing this tremendous Charge, were as mute as Fiſhes, pretended to be as faſt as two Churches, and ſuffer'd *Jack* to take an uninterrupted Survey of their Maſter's Furniture, which he did with a World of Sedateneſs and ſolid Satisfaction.

His Mouth water'd at ſome of the Materials, and ſo, without any further Ceremony, he furniſh'd himſelf with a Black Suit of Cloaths, a Silver-hilted Sword, and a light Tye-Wig, as proper Ornaments for his Perſon, and a few Watches, Diamond-Rings, Snuff-Boxes, and ſeveral other pretty little Toys, beſides a ſmall Quantity of Ready Caſh for the Lining of his Pocket; and thus equipt, he cloſ'd his Viſit with a hearty Curſe of the two Bedfellows, for a Brace of ſtupid, nonſenſical Gameſters, to ſuffer themſelves to be *Lood*, when they had got *Pam* in their Hands.

A Winning Gameſter is moſt commonly fluſh'd; and the greater his Succeſs, the bolder his Play. For as Fortune is but a fickle Deity, the beſt time to court her, is, when ſhe is in a good Humour.

But

But there's a Time when the Cards will take another Turn, and the Dame's Frowns are more dangerous, than her Smiles are engaging.

This, *Sheppard* found to his Coſt. For the next Evening he ventures out in his new *Rigging*, ſets ſail for the *Coaſt* of *Clare-Market*, to take in *Freſh Proviſions*; but being a little in Liquor, and not minding his *Steerage* as he ought to do, he runs a-ground upon a Chandlers-Shop; where, being accidentally known, he was ſeiz'd, upon Suſpicion, for a *Pyrate*, and hoiſting up *falſe Colours*.

Upon Examination, he was found to be what they ſuſpected, one, who had long infeſted that *Coaſt*, and well prepared with *Powder* and *Ball* for new *Depredations*.

Upon this he was conducted under a proper *Convoy* to his old *Port*, *Newgate-Caſtle*; where he was receiv'd with uncommon Demonſtrations of Joy and Rejoycing on his *ſafe Landing*.

So unexpected an *Arrival*, alarms the whole *Iſland*: Perſons of all Ranks and Degrees flock to the *Fort* to Viſit him, though none are admitted to attend at his *Levee*, without a *Luſty Fee* to his proper Officer. In ſhort, not to carry the Alluſion any further, *Newgate* appears more like a Publick Hall than a Priſon.

On the 10th of *November* he was convey'd in a *Hackney-Coach* to *Weſtminſter-Hall*; there his Hand-cuffs were taken off; and being brought before the Court of *Kings-Bench*, the Record of his Conviction for Burglary and Felony at the Seſſions in the *Old-Bailey*, was read; and he making no Objections, Mr. Attorney-General mov'd that his Execution might be ſpeedy, and a Rule of Court made for *Friday* next. *Sheppard* addreſs'd himſelf to the Bench, earneſtly beſeeching the Judges to intercede with His Majeſty for Mercy, and deſired a Copy of a Petition he had ſent to the King, might be read; which was comply'd with. But being ask'd, how he came to repeat his Crimes, after his

Eſcapes,

Eſcapes? Pleaded, Youth and Ignorance, and withal, his Neceſſities; ſaying, he was afraid of every Child and Dog that look'd at him, as being cloſely purſu'd; and had no Opportunity to obtain his Bread in an honeſt Way, and had fully determin'd to have left the Kingdom the *Monday* after he was retaken in *Drury-Lane*. He was told, the only Thing to entitle him to His Majeſty's Clemency, would be his making an ingenuous Diſcovery of thoſe who abetted and aſſiſted him in his laſt Eſcape; he averr'd, That he had not the leaſt Aſſiſtance from any Perſon, but God Almighty; and that he had already nam'd all his Accomplices in Robberies, who were either in Cuſtody, or beyond Sea, whither he would be glad to be ſent himſelf. He was reprimanded for prophaning the Name of God. Mr. Juſtice *Powis*, after taking Notice of the Number and Heinouſneſs of his Crimes, and giving him Admonitions ſuitable to his ſad Circumſtances, awarded Sentence of Death againſt him, and a Rule of Court was order'd for his Execution on *Monday* next. He told the

Court, That if they would let his Hand-cuffs be put on, he, by his *Art*, would take them off before their Faces. He was remanded back to *Newgate*, thro' the moſt numerous Croud of People that ever was ſeen in *London*; and *Weſtminſter-Hall* has not been ſo crouded in the Memory of Man. A Conſtable who attended, had his Leg broke; and many other Perſons were hurt and wounded at *Weſtminſter-Hall-Gate*.

On the 16th, he made his *laſt publick Apperance*, being the Day appointed for his Execution. His Proceſſion to *Tyburn* was attended with a numberleſs Number of Spectators of both Sexes; and being naturally a little Vain-glorious, he begg'd the Favour of being conveyed in an open Vehicle, rather than a cloſe Coach, that he might oblige ſome *loving Ladies*, and give them an Opportunity to take a *Farewel-Look*. His *Guardians*, as they had made a *good Harveſt* of him, readily comply'd with any Reaſonable Requeſt.

But

But as they did not care to truſt him farther than they cou'd ſee him; and knowing him to be a Man of an invincible Spirit and Reſolution, the Under-Sheriff, for the better Security of his Perſon, gave Orders for his making his *Exit* in a pair of well-poliſh'd Handcuffs, inſtead of a White pair of Gloves, to prevent him from being Sly or Unlucky, rightly concluding that a *Muffled-Cat* could never be a *good Mouſer*.

This *Sheppard* reſented highly, and in a very *ſanguine* Manner oppos'd the Affront, as being the only Means to render abortive his laſt *politick* Stratagem, his laſt Hopes of an Eſcape.

Upon this Struggle, his *Guardians* brow-beated him ſeverely, and told him, he acted the part of a *Bully*, not of a *Priſoner*. And as the Under-Sheriff never met with his Fellow, was ſtill apprehenſive of ſome Deſign, and gave freſh Orders for a ſtrict Examination of all his *Accoutrements*, leſt ſome *Weapon of War* ſhould lie conceal'd, and

and of a Victim, he ſhould become a Victor.

This was a *Cutting-ſtroke* to our *Hero*, as well as to the *Officer* that ſearch'd him, and drew both Tears from the one, and Blood from the other. For a ſharp Penknife (the whole Dependence of the former) lay looſe in his Pocket, and was ſeiz'd upon him, but ſeiz'd by the wrong Handle, and mortify'd the Fingers of the latter.

Theſe are all the Material Occurrences, 'till he arriv'd at the *Triple-Tree*, where, contrary to his Expectation, or the Mobs Intention, he hung for about a quarter of an Hour; but was then, in open Violation of the Law, cut down by a Soldier, and deliver'd, as 'tis thought, Alive, but 'tis ſuppos'd very Faint, into the Hands of his Friends, who hugg'd him about with ſo much prepoſterous Love, that in all probability, they *kill'd him with Kindneſs*.

Give

Give me Leave to add one *merry Adventure* here, tho' introduc'd in a wrong Place, and where, in point of Judgment, a Tear ought rather to be dropt.

Mr. *App——by*, in Gratitude for the many good Services our *Hero* had done him, and as ſole Executor to the Deceas'd, at his own Expence, hirld a Mourning Hearſe to attend the *Gallows*, in order to convey the Corps to ſome decent Place of Interment. But the Mob, miſconſtruing this good Intention of his Friend, and miſtaking it for an *Anatomical Preparation* of the Society of Surgeons, declar'd *Open War* againſt the *Charioteer*, fir'd their *Cannon* at him, loaded with Dirt and Stones, and oblig'd him to quit the Field with the Loſs of his *Standard*.

This Day Mr. *P——y* has oblig'd the World with an Account of his moſt Learn- and Judicious *Preparatory Sermon* on this Occaſion, and the Behaviour of our Unfortunate *Hero*, before the *Finiſhing Stroke*

Stroke was put to his Execution. But as he is perfectly silent as to his *Dying Speech*, I presume, in reality, he made none. Yet as I have been writing a sort of a *Tragedy*, and divided it regularly into several *Acts* or *Letters*, I cannot be reconcil'd to his quitting the *Stage*, 'till, *Swan-like*, he sings his own *Requiem*. I shall, therefore, in Imitation of the greatest Poets of the Age, close my *Play* with an imaginary *Speech*, and let him take his Leave of the Spectators like a Man, and like a *Hero*.

JOHN SHEPPARD's Supposed SPEECH.

LIKE Doctor Faustus, *I my Pranks have play'd,*
(By Contract with his Master *long since made)*
Like him liv'd Gay, and revell'd in Delight,
Drank all the Day, and Whor'd the live-long Night.
To raise my Name above all Rogues in Story,
I've made Chains, Bolts, and Bars fly all before me:

But,

But, hearke, the Diſmal Sound! the Clock
ſtrikes One:
The Charm is broke, and all my Strength
is gone:
The Dragon comes, I hear his Hideous
Roar;
Farewel, my Friends, for now Poor JACK's
no more.

I am,

Your Friend,

And Humble Servant,

G. E.

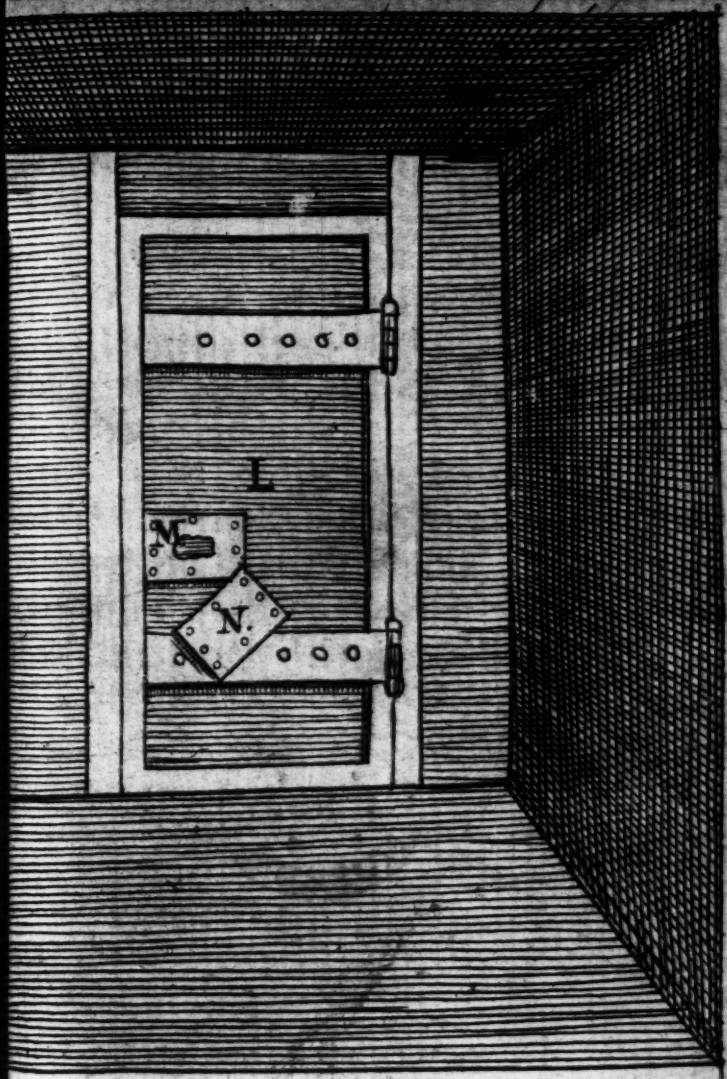
POST

POSTSCRIPT.

THIS Day is Publiſh'd, by the Exe cutor of *Sheppard* above-mention'd a NARRATIVE, much to the Purport o my Four foregoing *Epiſtles*; which, he ha aſſur'd the World, is Genuine, and Writ ten by the Deceaſed himſelf, during th Time of his Impriſonment. But, as declare to the World, I take it for *Spurious Copy*; and, with Submiſſion, con ceive there are no MEMOIRS ſ Authentick as my own; I think m ſelf oblig'd to give my Reaſons for ſ bold a Suggeſtion.

The very *Frontiſpiece* is an Affront For he has there repreſented our *Her* tumbling Head foremoſt out of the *Con demn'd-Hold*; when 'tis well known, h was Maſter of more Conduct, and, lik a Cat, always pitch'd upon his Legs.

My next Obſervation is this, That m Rival, Mr. *F——s*, in his former Accoun of *Sheppard*, has oblig'd the World wit many



L. the Door of y^e Room which had not been opened for 7 Years, M. the Lock from wch he stripp'd y^e Plate N. & so put back y^e Spring & opened y^e Door wch had no other fastning & got into an entry leading to the Chappel.

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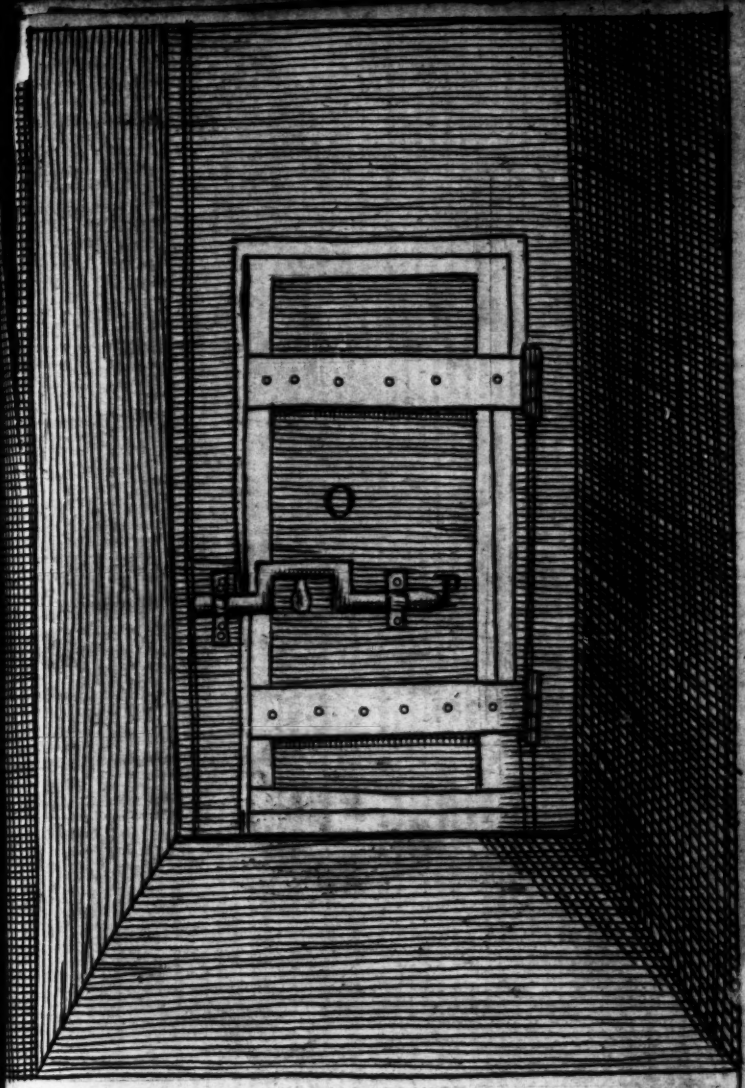

O. the Door of ye entry between ye Red Room & ye Chappel. He was on ye other side of ye Door, but yet found means to put back ye Bolt P. & so got to ye Chappel Door.

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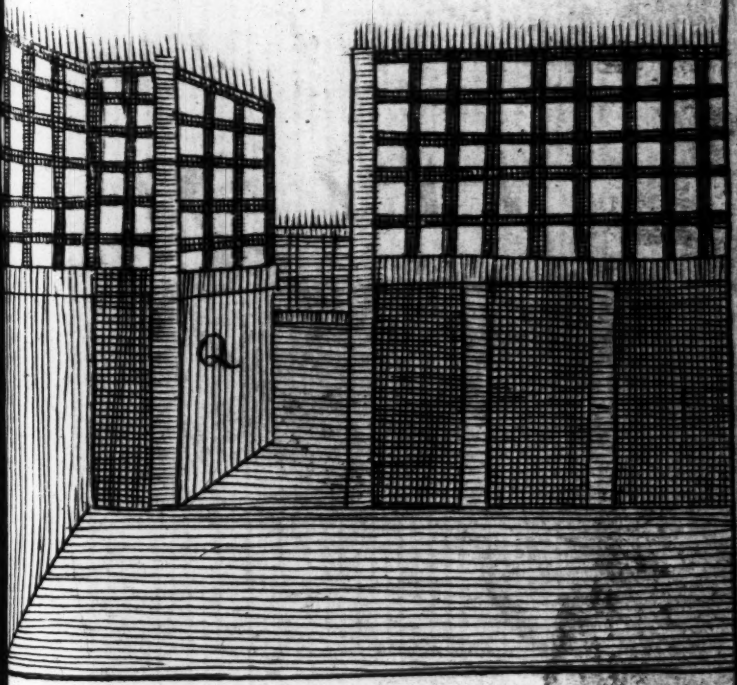

a. The Door going into the Chappel which he burst open.

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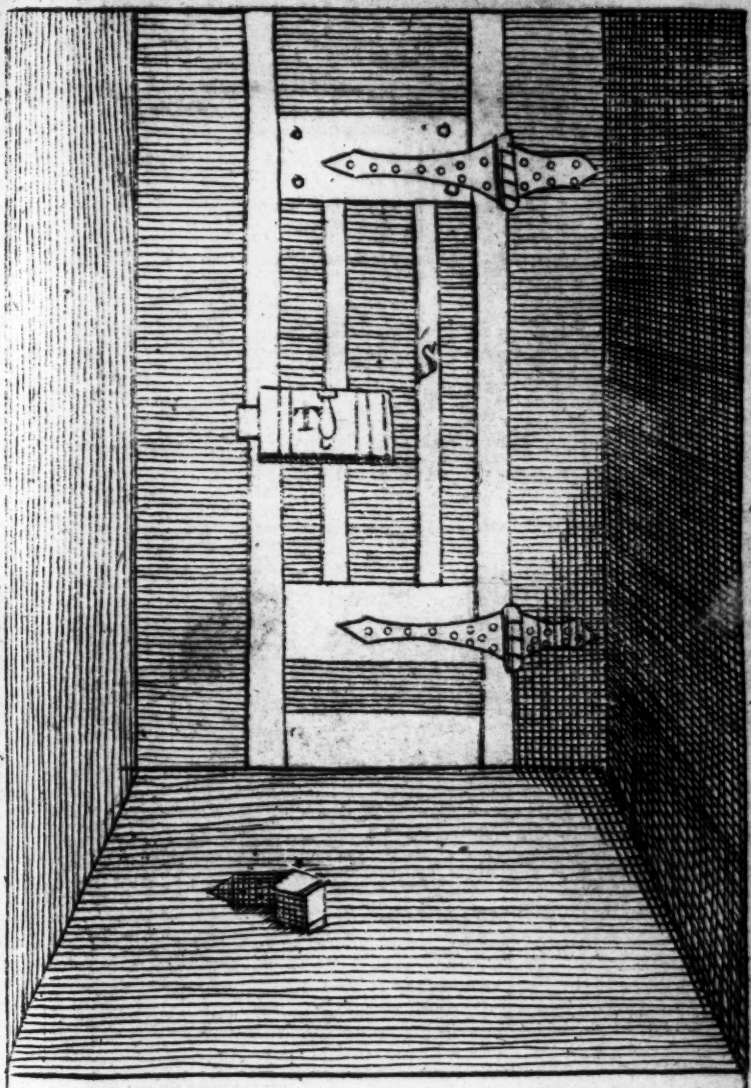

S. the Door which being fastned by a
strong Lock T. he forc'd ye Box V. into nch.
ye Bolt of ye Lock shut from its place &
so. Opened ye Door. Then he came to ye

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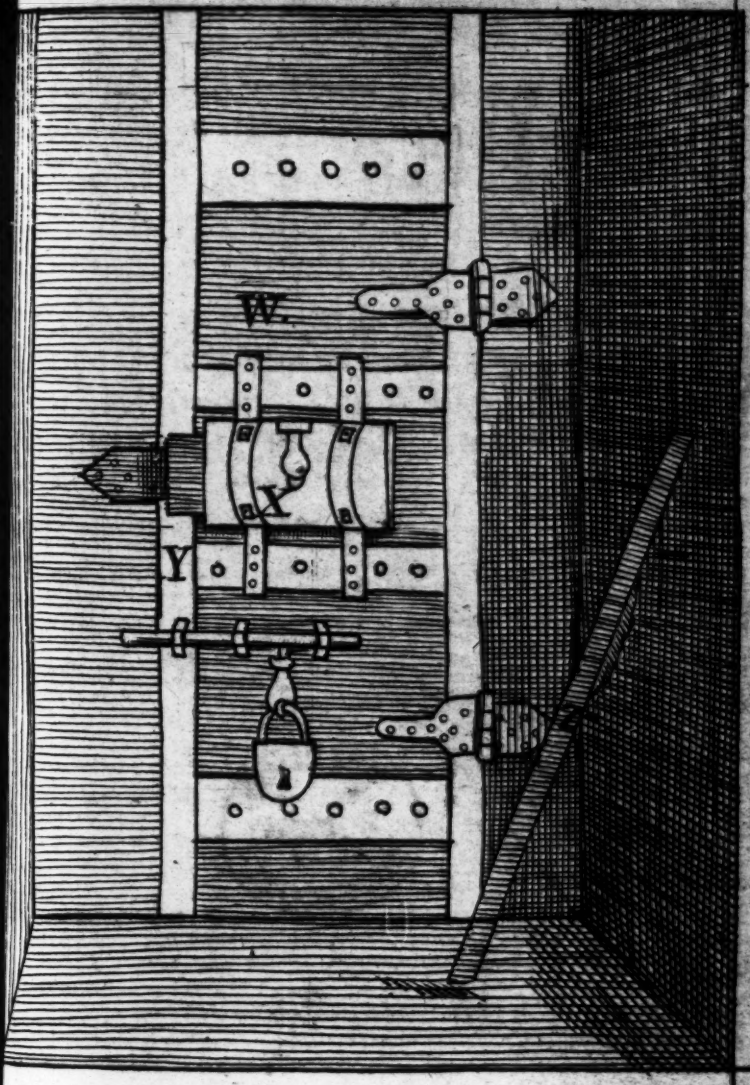

Door W. in ye same Passage & endeavour
ed to take off ye Lock X. but not being a-
ble to effect that, he Stripp'd ye Fillet Y. & ye
Box of ye Lock along with it from the
main Post. Z. the Fillet stripp'd off, 7 foot
high, 7 Inches broad & 2 Inches thick.

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many of his facetious *Jokes*, *Puns Conundrums*, and *Quarter-Quibbles*; and the Reverend Mr. *P——y* has this Day Confirm'd his Character in that reſpect; whereas in the *Narrative* (laſt publiſh'd) here doesn't appear the leaſt Gaiety of Temper, or Flight of Fancy; and, to my poor Judgment, the whole, from Top to Bottom, declares 'tis —— ORDINARY.

I muſt beg Mr. *J——s*'s Pardon, if I think the latter Part of his *Relation* none of his own, but the Handy-Work of another of Mr. *A——by*'s faithful *Garreteers*, who is a WAGG by Name, as well as Nature.

Your Friend,

G. E.

LETTER VI.

SIR, *Nov. 19th*, 1724.

I Had no Thoughts of troubling you any more upon the Subject of *John Sheppard*, having, in my laſt attended him to his Dying Hour: But as I unluckily compar'd my *Memoirs* to an *Hiſtorical Drama*; and preſuming the *Dedication* might paſs well enough for the *Prologue*, I thought an *Epilogue* abſolutely neceſſary to Compleat the Work. And as moſt of our Modern Poets have made it a ſtanding Rule, to diſmiſs their Audience with ſomething Gay and Airy, let the Play be never ſo Tragical and full of Diſtreſs; I have put my Invention on the Wrack, to wind up my Bottom after the ſame Manner, and entertain you with ſomething Whimſical and Novel.

Some-

Sometimes I was thinking to perſonate Dr. *Fauſtus*, and Conjure up the Ghoſt of our old Friend *JOHN*, make him take his Rounds thro' all the Apartments of *Newgate*, put *Auſtin* into a ſecond Confuſion, and pay a friendly Viſit to his Fellow-Traveller *Page*; then cloſe the Conference, with Mr. *P—ny*'s well-choſen Advice, Not to be Diſmayed, *&c.* inſiſting, that there was as good Company in the *Inf——l Regions*, as any in *R—s*'s *Dominions*; and to keep up the Spirit of *Pride* predominant in him in his Life-time, make him march off, repeating that Heroical, I wou'd ſay, Diabolical Line in *Milton*,

Better to rule in H--ll, than ſerve in H—n.

But as that Thought was Stale, and *Tom. Brown*, of merry-Memory, many Years ſince, had Publiſh'd ſuch a number of Apparitions; upon more mature Deliberation, I declin'd it.

My next Project was, to give you a long Narration of *Sheppard*'s coming to Life again, and (as moſt People thought

he dealt with the Devil) aſſert, his being ſeen with his Gimlets, Saws, and Chiſels, in a Carpenter's Habit, hard at Work upon the *Triple-Tree*, reſolving to carry it off the Premiſſes, for fear his Friend *Page* ſhould come to the ſame Place, and take a Swing that might directly Choak him.

But as this was all Farce, and Supernatural, and conſequently, better adapted to an *Italian Opera*, than an *Engliſh Tragedy*, I could not, as a *Critic*, comply with that Motion.

At laſt, however, I came to this final Reſolution, that I would Cloſe my Deſign with a *Paſtoral Elegy* on the Deceas'd, as the moſt natural Tranſition I could poſſibly think of, and ordered my Bookſeller accordingly to ſend me forthwith the Works of *Moſchus* and *Bion*; in which any Gentleman, that thinks it worth his while, and is a tolerable Maſter of the *Greek* Language, may find one very *a propos*, one that would hit my Caſe to a Hair, and ſerve me for a perfect Precedent

(as

(as the Lawyers call it) *Muratis Mutandis.*

But I found a grand and unexpected Obſtacle to this Suggeſtion: For whilſt I was muſing o'er the Original, and aiming at an eaſy Tranſlation, a Friend came in, and inform'd me, that Mr. *P—ny* had been before me in that Project, and that Mr. *Ap—by* was very forward with it, and that it would be Publiſh'd the beginning of the next Week. My *Muſe* being ſomething Modeſt, and Conſcious of the great Reputation of his *Paſtoral Eſſays*, written in his younger Years, had gain'd with the Learned World, I thought him above my Match, and ſo reſolv'd not o enter the Lifts with him. However, as ſoon as it comes out, as I know you're a Lover of Rhime, and naturally Sympathiſe with *diſtreſſed Shepherds*, it ſhall be carefully remitted to you.

As therefore you ſee my *Muſe* was thus accidentally diſappointed, I hope you'll excuſe my not ſending you the Preſent I intended. Perhaps, Friend-

ſhip might have byas'd your Judgment ſo far as to have thought, an Elegiac Performance of mine, equally valuable with his; but I determin'd you ſhou'dn't lie under the Reflection of *Partiality*, and was very unwilling to Publiſh any Thing of that Nature, unleſs 'twas *Extra*——ORDINARY.

However (as I don't hear of any Poetaſter furbiſhing up a *Tomb-Stone* for our *Hero*) I don't ſee any Reaſon why my *Muſe* ſhould be ſo Modeſt as to be wholly Silent. She may be allow'd, ſure, to Sing a little, though ſhe cann't Sing like a *Nightingale*.

As therefore ſhe ventur'd at his *Dying-Speech*, ſhe ſhall now pay her *laſt Reſpects* to him after he's Dead, and endeavour to preſerve his Memory from Oblivion; as a grateful Acknowlengment, that his Life and Tranſactions have brought Griſt to her Maſter's Mill, as well as to others.

An

An EPITAPH,

Design'd for JOHN SHEPPARD's *Tomb-Stone*, (whenever the Carver shall finish it) propos'd to be erected in *Tyburn* Road; in Imitation of the memorable *Monument* at *Calais*.

STAY, *Traveller, stay, and this Inscription Read*;
View well this Funeral Urn, *and then proceed.*
Here, the World's Wonder, the Great SHEPPARD *lies:*
CARTOUCH *himself did never* FRANCE *surprise*
With half such bold Exploits, or Robberies.
He, whom no Goal *could hold, no* Chains *make fast,*
By Death's *Superior Bands is tam'd at last*;
Within this Narrow Prison's *kept Secure*;
From this Stone-Room *he will Escape no more.*

Hard

Hard Fate! at Tyburn's Triple-Tree *he ſwung;*
But whilſt Alive, was Reſcu'd by the Throng:
On Thouſand and Ten Thouſand Heads he rid,
And by his Friends Ill Conduct, not the Hangman, *dy'd.*

I forgot to Inform you, when *Sheppard* made his Will, he deſir'd his *Caſh-Keeper* and *Executor* would take particular Care, that one Moiety or Half-part of his *Perſonal Eſtate*, his Funeral Charges being firſt paid or deducted, might be laid out in a *Monument* of this Nature, that he might be Recorded, (ſuch was his exceſſive Vanity) though Recorded for a *Villain*; but left the *Inſcription* to the *ſuperior Judgment* and *Diſcretion* of his ſaid *Executor*. I have, therefore, ſent a Copy of the above enclos'd to Mr. *Ap—by* for his Peruſal, and free Cenſure or Approbation.

However, I almoſt deſpair of Succeſs; for I am informed ſince, Mr. *Jo——s*, as well as my ſelf, is troubled with the *Poetical*

Poetical Itch; and as he has, doubtleſs, *ſuperior Intereſt*, as well as Merit, my Performance muſt of courſe be rejected.

I wasn't in the leaſt ſtartled at the Intimation; for 'tis an *Epidemical Diſtemper* amongſt us poor Folks, and as Natural to us, as the *Scrub* to a *Scotchman*.

I have but one Secret more to diſcloſe to you, and then I ſhall for ever diſmiſs the Subject before me.

When I firſt began my Correſpondence with you, I hadn't the leaſt Thought of communicating theſe MEMOIRS to the Publick; but as you know I have met with Misfortunes, am an unhappy Inhabitant of *Alſatia*, and a Bookſeller offering me ſome *Shiners* for my Copy, I cou'dn't withſtand the Temptation.

I ſhall make bold to ſend you a ſmall Parcel by the firſt Carrier, in Hopes, when you are over a Pipe and a Bottle of good *October* with your *merry Country Club*, you'll introduce them, and do your

your utmoſt Endeavours to promote the Sale of 'em.

This Favour will be gratefully acknowledg'd by the Bookſeller, and lay a particular Obligation on,

Your Sincere Friend,

And Faithful Correſpondent,

G. E.

P. S. Should any of your Friends or Acquaintance be ſo Quick-ſighted as to diſcern the Spirit of Indolence that runs thro' my firſt Epiſtle, and the little Trips in point of Grammar: Aſſure them, I had then a Hurry of Affairs upon my Hands, ſet Pen to Paper late at Night, and frankly own I was half aſleep. Deſire them likewiſe to conſider, that old *Homer* himſelf wou'd Nod a little now and then; and the great Modern Pamphleteer *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq; would often be *Dull*, but with this Alleviation, *That he did it with Deſign.*

F I N I S.

Juſt Publiſh'd, and Sold by Joſeph Marſhall.

A View of *John Sheppard*, as Confin'd in *Newgate*; together with the ſeveral Contrivances relating to his Eſcape. Engrav'd on a large Copper Plate. *Price* 2 d. the Sheet.

ONANIA Examined, and Detected: Or, The Ignorance, Error, Impertinence, and Contradiction of a Book call'd *Onania*, Diſcover'd, and Expos'd. Wherein alſo is conſider'd, the Differences and ſundry Degrees of *Self-Pollution* in both Sexes: With Choice of ſuitable Remedies both for Extinguiſhing Exceſſive Deſires, and alſo for Strengthening the Bodies of ſuch as have been Hurt by Voluntary or Nocturnal Emiſſions. Together with ſome Thoughts on the Uſe of the *Marriage-Bed*, whether there can be ſinful Exceſſes therein, or it can be Defiled without a Third Perſon. With the Opinions of the moſt Learned and Approv'd Authors, as Divines, Phyſicians, and Surgeons: And ſuitable Obſervations added by the Author. The Whole interſpers'd with Variety of Subjects both Serious and Jocoſe. By PHILO-CASTITATIS. The Second Edition. *Price Stitch'd* 1s. 6d.

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